

REEDY'S MIRROR

Vol. XXV. No. 5

ST. LOUIS, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1916

PRICE FIVE CENTS

REEDY'S MIRROR

SYNDICATE TRUST BUILDING.

Telephones: Bell, Main 2147; Kinloch, Central 745.

All business communications should be addressed "Business Manager," Reedy's Mirror.

Entered at the Post Office at St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A., as second-class matter.

Terms of subscription to Reedy's Mirror, including postage in the United States and Mexico, \$2.00 per year; \$1.00 for six months; in Canada, Central and South America, \$2.50 per year; \$1.50 for six months. Subscriptions to all foreign countries \$3.00 per year.

Single copies, 5 cents.

Payments, which must be in advance, should be made by Check, Money Order or Registered Letter, payable to Reedy's Mirror, St. Louis.

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What the People Want

By W. M. R.

HERE have I been "thundering in the index" against the failure of the people to support the theater, and lo! along comes Ziegfeld's "Follies of 1915" and the Olympic is packed nightly from "turret to foundation stone"—people even in the galleries. Mrs. Pat Campbell played to audiences emphasizing vacancy. Otis Skinner played "Cock o' the Walk" to an attendance so small as to be hardly respectable. Elsie Ferguson wept between acts because of loneliness. Maude Adams barely made expenses. Here are the "Follies" and Broadway is jammed with the automobiles of the elite and the *haut ton* and the *jeunesse doree*. The College Club, to be sure, gave Cyril Maude's company in "Grumpy" a splendid start on a successful week, but the "Follies" are good for packed houses for two weeks if they care to stay.

Evidently the people will go to the theater to see what they like. The "Follies" is what they like. Now what is, or are, the "Follies?" Light, color, music—and sex. Indeed, the light, color and music are incidental to the sex. In this particular of sex, this show takes its cue from the fashions of the street. It brings into prominence the female leg divine. Legs in rapier-play on Italian marble seats, legs hanging over the feet of beds, legs turned and locked about men's waists. Legs beautifully bare or clothed so as to make bareness more desirable. The apotheosis of the leg! Adjunctive to this, splendid scenery and lighting, pleasant music and costuming of riotous, if elegant variety. I don't believe that any show ever given here was more generous in revelation of those mysterious middle distances it is the function of skirts to conceal. The acuteness of contrivance to make those equatorial regions insistent by means of fabrics so fine that scarce anything lives twixt them and airy nothingness, is the climax and ultimate of the sensuous, not to say sensual, magic of the fesceninity of femininity.

There is one great actor in the show—Bert Williams, the negro comedian. Another man gets a big hand for his protracted portrayal of a drunk and there is a funny juggler. Williams, though, is the mimetic darkey of genius. For the rest—muliebrity on parade, with moments of orgiastic lasciviousness.

This is what the public wants and likes. Not *hoi polloi* either, but the best society, even many of Mr. Percival Chubb's "educated minority." The *bourgeoisie*, yes, even the *proletaires* have been going this week to see something finer—Henry E. Dixey at the Columbia, May Irwin at the Shubert. Now, Dixey is probably the best all round actor in the United States and I find May Irwin as fresh and fair and frisky as she appeared before me the first time I ever went to the theater, in the gallery of the old Comique on Pine street between Third and Fourth. Our first low-comedy actress I should call her. But what are such as they against the pull of the "Follies" with its orientally glamourous fleshiness?

St. Louisans explain the failure to attend good plays by saying the town has moved

away from the theaters. What the explanation amounts to is shown by the packed houses at the Olympic this week. The "Follies" would "get" the St. Louisans if it was twice as far away; they would jam the bridge to get to it in East St. Louis. They say the cause of the vogue of such attractions is that the world is oppressed by the horrors of war. Bunk, pure bunk! In days before the war, kindred shows like those of the Rogers Brothers had the same pull. St. Louis likes the flesh-reck. There's nothing that is wrong but St. Louis' taste, though it is not wholly unlike other cities in this respect.

♦♦♦♦

Reflections

By William Marion Reedy

A Champ Clark Mystery

NOT long since Speaker Clark had about decided to become a Democratic candidate for Governor of Missouri. I had inside information that it was all fixed. Then—bingo!—the whole thing was kicked over. Champ declined. Still later came a story in the *Republic* about "a mysterious boom for Clark for President, in the East." There is such a boom, though faint. But it is not so "mysterious," if my inside information is correct. Neither does it originate nor is it confined to "the East." It comes from Lincoln, Nebraska. Mr. Bryan is said to consider Mr. Clark a supportable possibility, in certain eventualities. Considering what Mr. Bryan did to Mr. Clark at Baltimore, this is rather startling. Whether Mr. Bryan thinks President Wilson may not be a candidate for renomination, or contemplates the possibility of defeating him for renomination, no one knows; but Mr. Bryan is reported as speaking of Mr. Clark in a way to lead those who hear him to infer that the Commoner is gravely considering the availability of the Speaker in certain contingencies. The Nebraskan says nothing against President Wilson—oh, never! But he speaks so tenderly of Mr. Clark. And I have not heard that Mr. William Randolph Hearst has given up his idea that Mr. Clark would be a splendid man to nominate for President. From the way in which this information comes to me I should say it is not "idle gossip."

♦♦

Brandeis for the Supreme Court

BRANDEIS is a Jew. But the anti-Jewish sentiment of Georgia doesn't dominate the United States. He has not "the judicial temperament." Oh, but those who say this are agreed that William H. Taft has—Taft, whose position on any question is predictable the moment the question is raised. Brandeis is radical. Well, one man inclined to radicalism on the Supreme bench won't hurt. It will help. It's time to have someone there who hasn't a sixteenth century idea of property and human rights. Brandeis has the scientific attitude towards society and its development. He is the man to consider law, not as immutably fixed, but as conditioned by new social and industrial conditions. Brandeis says there is another form of right than mine and thine—ours. He shows this in his book, "Other People's Money." There has been a great deal of misuse by some people of other

people's money and abuse of other people's rights. Such Democrats as are or have been on the Supreme bench are not democrats—Supreme Justice White, for example, whom Wilfrid Ward described in the *Dublin Review* as "a fine old Tory." Brandeis is not a Socialist, but he would modify unconditioned individualism by a recognition of collectivism as a factor in the creation of wealth—as something having rights and duties distinct from those of individuals. Brandeis is a man of his time, this time, in rapport with the *Zeitgeist*. He would check and restrain that sovereignty we have surrendered to that artificial entity, the corporation. He has been a corporation lawyer; very well, he knows that side, too, and can do it justice. No one denies he knows the law. The strongest argument against him is that he is a Jew—strong because it is an irremovable prejudice in some minds. A like prejudice opposed Justices White and McKenna because they are Roman Catholics; yet neither has been caught trying to put infallibility or mariolatry or transubstantiation into the Constitution. Brandeis won't try to make Yom Kippur a national holiday or set Deuteronomy above the *Federalist* or Madison's "Debates." President Wilson's nomination of Louis D. Brandeis, of Kentucky, *via* Massachusetts, is good politics, good government; nay, more—a stroke of genius. For its perfect vindication, hearken to the cry against it and note the men and interests who raise that cry. "We love him for the enemies he has made."

♦♦

Out of Joint

THE St. Louis *Times* has exposed how some hundreds of St. Louisans dodge their personal taxes. This is like proving the existence of human nature in human beings. Personal taxes always have been and always will be evaded—always, everywhere and by all. The universal sense of justice is against such taxation, as a fine, a penalty upon industry, prudence, thrift. The *Times* clamors for more exact and rigorous assessment and collection of personal taxes. It won't work. The thing to do is to *abolish all personal taxes, all taxes upon anything produced by individual human labor*. The *Times* is out of joint.

♦♦

Shibusawa's Little Proposal

JAPAN is said recently to have renewed her demands on China. There is nothing to compare with those demands but the set of demands made on Servia by Austria in July, 1914. Abdication of national sovereignty is what they amount to. Baron Eiichi Shibusawa, "the Pierpont Morgan of Japan," has an article in the February *Century* that shows the Japanese attitude to China. It is highly cynical. Japan is friendly to the United States, he says. It won't object to such legislation as California's prohibiting land ownership by Japanese, if the prohibition is extended to other aliens. Japan and the United States should get together—for the exploitation of China. China cannot do it herself, hasn't the genius. Japan has, and she is right on the spot. All Japan needs is the money. The United States has plenty of that. Let the United States furnish the money. Japan will supply the brains. Japan will show how to get the most work out of the cheapest labor. So far as appears in Baron Shibusawa's article, China has not anything to say about her own development. With a sublimely oriental complacency he takes for granted a Japanese suzerainty, if not sovereignty, over China. Of China he says, "she has not a sufficient number of men trained to do the vast and varied work connected

with her transformation." Read between those two quoted lines! Can't you see that what he says is that China "has not a sufficient number of men trained" to prevent Japan from exploiting her by force. We are invited to go in and help plunder the unprepared celestial empire. Baron Shibusawa is an engagingly frank buccaneer. China is helpless—unless her pacificism will help her, which is doubtful. Japan must expand, must have her "place in the sun." And she will get it surely, if China has not the man behind the gun to prevent it. Change the name and the story is told of Uncle Sam as of China.

♦♦

Vote Down Segregation

SEGREGATION of the negroes of the City of St. Louis is to be submitted to a vote of the people. I hope it will be defeated. Dividing people into classes is repulsive to the spirit of this country. Socially it is done by automatic process beyond community control. There should be no segregation by means of law. The evil of such action is infinitely greater than any injury to a comparatively small property interest in the city. Not only would such action be a denial of fundamental rights, but it would operate to subject the negroes to extortionate rents for homes in the only regions in which they could live. It would operate also as a detriment to the advancement of the negro, for it would legally brand him as a helot hopeless of recognition either as a citizen or as a human being. It would not materially or permanently improve regions whence the negro may be driven, since, generally speaking, now, the neighborhoods into which negroes move have begun to deteriorate before the negroes put in their appearance. The negro is not a bad citizen; only his worst representatives are offensive, and they are in the minority. Segregation will tend to lower the quality of the negro, to drive him down to the semi-servile status of a proscribed man, back again towards the slave-pen stage of his social and political history. To the right-thinking American the negro's human rights are more important than any property rights supposedly imperiled by his settlement in certain parts of the town. If we disregard the rights of the negro we open up the way to every conceivable disregard of the rights of any body of white people who may be for some reason of race or creed objectionable to some temporary majority. We owe it to ourselves, even more than to him, to be just to the negro. We will only hurt ourselves by embodying contempt and hatred of him in our laws. Vote down segregation!

♦♦

ONE could wish that so many of the more violent pro-Germans among us were not so pestiferously antagonistic to American preparedness. Don't they want any country to be prepared but Germany?

♦♦

A Pacifist for Preparedness

THERE is no better pacifist, I should say, than Andrew D. White, always and ever of Cornell. In a letter to the Cornell University Club of New York City he makes some points for preparedness, apropos the semi-centennial of the college to which he has devoted the best labors of his later years. He says that when preparations were making for the opening of the university, among the questions most important was that of providing military instruction. The charters of the universities and colleges from the Government of the United States, as provided for by the Morrill Act of 1862, passed in the midst of

Civil War, laid stress upon the military instruction of the students who should be gathered into them. "The events of the previous two years had shown that the Southern States of the Union had derived great advantages in the Civil War, then going on, from the fact that scattered through the South there were a large number of military schools, or schools in which at least the elements of military instruction were provided, and this had given to the Southern States a great advantage over those that were fighting for the maintenance of the Union." Some people thought that the charter provision could be met by a course of lectures on military history or on military training. Mr. White stood for real training, for he had experience as a professor in the University of Michigan, before, during and after the war. Students at the University of Michigan volunteered for service in the army, but for some time "it was impossible to find any person fitted to give to these students the military instruction required, and after we had obtained suitable men from West Point and elsewhere in order to give it, and after the students who threw themselves most heartily into the effort were ready to march, it was found even more difficult to find officers fit to command them. The only person who could be obtained for that purpose was a man of foreign birth, the keeper of a lager-beer saloon in Ann Arbor, who claimed that he had been a non-commissioned officer during the Mexican War. The natural result was that these noble young men were badly led, unsuitably cared for, and that there was a loss of many precious lives which might have been prevented had the circumstances of the case been different." To the effect of military training on the appearance, demeanor, character and achievement of Cornellians, Mr. White pays high tribute. It is "one of the leading causes of their remarkable success in dealing with their fellow-men in all parts of the United States." With its new Armory and Drill Hall, Cornell can keep in training two regiments at a time. No militarist is Mr. White. He has ever worked for international arbitration. He was a member of the first Hague Conference. But he learned in public service in foreign countries, especially those prominent in the present war, that they have little respect for fine sentiment; they consider only whether the nations on which they wish to work their will are strong enough to make it dangerous for them to do so. We may look abroad and see what may happen to us, unprepared, and we may, with profit, "consider our own experiences of the War of 1812, never to be paralleled, we may well hope, under exactly similar conditions in our future history—but conveying lessons never to be forgotten—the burning of the public buildings, the capitol, the president's house and other structures at Washington, with the destruction of archives and the ignominious flight of public officers. And we may also recall the disgraceful affair known as 'Hull's surrender.'" Mr. White is for peace, for an international tribunal to guarantee peace well thought out and thoroughly enforced, but he hopes to see military training in all colleges and universities of the country. There are few men whose words have the weight of Andrew D. White on this as on many other subjects. He is no theorist, but a practical statesman with a pronounced altruistic, humanitarian proclivity. He would have all Cornellians work for peace and against militarism. "At the same time," he says, "I would keep up the military training of our university students. From every point of view this training has proved to be a blessing to the young men who have been sub-

mitted to it, physically, mentally, and morally, and a source of strength to the state and the nation."

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A St. Louis County Bond Issue

ST. LOUIS COUNTY is to vote on a proposition to issue \$3,000,000 of bonds for good roads. Such an investment will be good business. It will at once increase the value of every acre of land in the county. It will bring every farmer nearer the big city. It will get the crops to market before the prices can fall. It will make the people more neighborly, make it easier for every child to get to school and everybody to get to church. It will attract more of the people from the City of St. Louis and they seeing the beauties of the county—unsurpassed in the United States—will invest in land and build themselves homes. Ah, but there's the tax! Yes: the tax will be the price of six 10-cent cigars a month on a home worth \$10,000. It does not seem possible that such a tax measured against the benefit of good roads would deter any property owner from voting for the bonds. The money borrowed will be spent in the county to give increased value to the property of every one of the citizens of the county. The roads will not be made for automobilists from the city, but for the people living along the roads, and the automobilists bring business and wealth to the county. There is absolutely no reasonable argument against the good roads bond issue. Only invincible ignorance or irrational prejudice can be antagonistic to the proposition. The \$3,000,000 will not come anywhere near measuring the value of the improvement. Good roads will mean more days a year for children at school, readier access to the markets and stores in the city, more beautiful homes, more business in all the county's incorporated towns, more of every comfort and convenience and consolation of civilization.

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A Walt Whitman of England

ENGLAND has her Walt Whitman in Edward Carpenter. But he is a diluted Walt. One might even say he is a Walt in whom something akin to decomposition has set in. In Carpenter the ruggedness of Whitman becomes non-resistant. The Good Grey Poet's dear love of comrades becomes in Carpenter that thing which John Addington Symonds yearned to discover in Whitman and was disappointed. Carpenter's glorification of homosexuality is frank, even glamorous with a perverse beauty, but it is hardly to be called healthy. Upon this phase of the English poet, Edward Lewis does not dwell in his study, "Edward Carpenter" (Macmillans, New York). Mr. Lewis is a rapt and rhapsodic interpreter of the Carpenter message, which is a highly sentimentalized anarchism. It would be more human, more attractive if it were anarchy like pugnacious Emma Goldman's. Carpenter's greatest book is "Toward Democracy" and that rather than the sexual mysticism of "Love's Coming of Age" is the utterance which Mr. Lewis mostly expounds in his essay. In the end, Carpenter's pure democracy, his individualism which is renunciation, is only a kind of Buddhism. The one and the many become the same. Quietism is the culmination of all. He sees all the evils of civilization, but he has no cure. He is not in a hurry for remedies—not even for the Single Tax, the righteousness of which as a method of justice he perceives even as did Tolstoy. Carpenter's doctrine is a sort of nadir to that zenith of modern philosophy we call Nietzscheism. He seeks to develop the Superman by a deliverance of man

through a larger love, which is somewhat vague when it is not pathic, as in some of his writings. Our civilization is an interim affair between a hideous past and a splendid future. The individual must identify himself with the oppositions to civilization's iniquities, but not in bitterness. No need to hurry: wait! The final chapter, "A Personal Appreciation," shows Carpenter a rural farmer, all but a recluse, living meditatively in a place of ancient quietness in England. Reading Mr. Lewis' book, as in reading Carpenter's own works, I cannot help thinking of this derivative of obstreperous old Walt as a sort of septuagenarian James Eads How, sometimes known as the philanthropist of the hoboos. He has the same mild goodness as How, though there is more will in him, more light and keenness. As a poet there is no disputing the divine fire in Carpenter. He sees things here, and he has a farther Vision. His sympathy is Assisian, extends to all created things. He sees a Self in the universe and voices the aspiration of the individual for union with that Self. As Mr. Lewis says, though, Carpenter is a "revealer not a reformer." He is no more conclusive than Emerson or, for that matter, than Thoreau or even Nietzsche. It is easier to agree with his visionings on paper than to find a way to apply them, but he does, for the time being, give you a sense of disembodiment, of emancipation from this thing-cultured world and sets you free in a realm of beatific contemplation. Mr. Lewis' exposition and appreciation is a book of beautiful writing which cannot but captivate those people who are not of the kind of folks designated by William James as "tough-minded." Carpenter's essential mysticism in all his works has attractive presentation in this study. As for his debt to Whitman, Mr. Lewis says, "perhaps the actual relation between the two men may best be expressed in the figure of speech that Whitman played the part of midwife in the deliverance of Carpenter's spiritual child."

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St. Cyr

WHAT a shame to expose Jean Harald Edward St. Cyr at the height of his social success in Eastern "sassiety!" Suppose he is Jack Thompson of Texas! Isn't the career open to talent any more? How is he any more useless than any other "sassiety" man? Didn't he marry money? Didn't he do it twice? If that isn't social efficiency, I don't know it. Are Texans debarred from "sassiety?" Mr. St. Cyr is all right. He married two widows. He earned his "dough." As for his name, any man's name is what he calls himself. And "sassiety's" exposed, as much as St. Cyr.

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A Purple Deed

ONE feels, reading of the capture of the British ship, *Appam*, off the Canary Islands, by the disguised German *Moewe*, like saying, as did Richelieu of *D'Artagnan*, *Porthos*, *Athos* and *Aramis*, holding the bastion St. Gervaise at Rochelle—"My God, what men!" The exploit has the dash of the Elizabethans. It has splendour—with a "u," please, for this occasion. The *Appam* was the seventh ship for the little German; the other six were sunk. This is in the tradition of the *Revenge*, "at Crores in the Azores." Coming when the British didn't know there was a German fighter at sea, when it did not seem there was a faint speck of menace to British commerce, the performance is heightened by the surprise in it. England appears like the comic relief to Germany's high, plumy romanticism. Not alone did the *Moewe* get out of the British cordon in the far East, but her prize crew brought the *Appam* 3,500 miles across the

ocean and through the line of British vessels patrolling the coast of the United States. It won't be added to Creasy's "Battles"—this gorgeous, flamboyant performance with a *panache*, but it must to a certain extent set whispering in many a British heart questioning echoes of Lloyd-George's ominous summary of the British action up to date—"Too late! Too late!" To be sure the deed wins nothing. But it shows the German spirit in that navy now hidden at Kiel. Some day that navy will sweep out to sea. And then,—England—then?

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A Novel for Patience Worthies

By W. M. R.

ALL readers of the MIRROR and of other publications that have printed articles concerning Patience Worth and her communications on the ouija board through Mrs. John H. Curran, will be almost anguishedly interested in a novel, "Davenport," by Charles Marriott. I don't believe the novel has been published in this country. I read it in the English edition of Hutchinson and Co., London. Charles Marriott is a writer, distinguished in style, remarkable for his mastery of subtleties. His works "The Column," "Subsoil," "The Intruding Angel," "The Catfish," have achieved success with the discriminating and with the general as well. Altogether he has a dozen novels to his credit. His "Now" is a fiction which riddles the existing social system with magical effect. I would rank him near to Eden Phillpots as a novelist and that would put him up close to the great,—only a little behind that Titan, Thomas Hardy. This "Davenport" is beautifully written, with an effect of the writer's struggle to hold back the tale he has to tell, and incidental to the story are many illuminative comments upon political and spiritual states of mind for two years before the war at the outbreak of which the story ends. Not for the obvious-minded is the writing of Marriott. He has such delight of his work that he likes to linger over it and to trim and pare and polish so that there shall result at once the least utterance and the most expression—a superb method for the kind of novels he writes.

"Davenport" is a fictional explanation of just such an intelligence as our own Patience Worth, though the enonymous, umbrous chief figure is a man. *Davenport* writes essays, not stories or poems. His message, so far as Mr. Marriott indicates it, is much the same as Patience Worth's—altruistic, pacifist, pantheistically anarchistic. Likewise it is distinguished by its use of common things from the life about us as symbols of the message, which does, however, remain mostly vague. No one sees this *Davenport*. A sensitive youth subject to fits of abstraction, *Harry Belsire*, talks of him as a man he knows and Mrs. Betty Orme says she knows him, too. Young *Belsire* is much impressed by what he says *Davenport* told him. But *Davenport* suddenly seems to have got out of touch with *Belsire*, who goes seeking him. *Davenport* can't be found; the cheques sent to him at a little shop in London are not cashed. His articles have been mailed from that address, but they have been first mailed by someone unknown to that address. Those articles stir London mightily with their clear exposition of the spiritual in man. They seem not only to describe the spiritual condition of the writer, but to generate such conditions in the reader—until practical men, Big Business as we say, realize that such truths would spoil the game of trade and diplomacy and demand their suppression.

It becomes apparent that *Mrs. Orme* is keeping *Davenport* away from *Harry Belsire* or *vice versa*. In his seeking for *Davenport* the story gradually reveals that *Davenport* is only a secondary personality, another self of *Harry Belsire*. And this personality comes between *Harry Belsire* and *Ann Courtney*, whom he loves and by whom he is beloved. *Ann Courtney* senses that *Davenport* is in some way kept obstructively between her and *Harry* by *Mrs. Orme*. As *Cator*, an archaeologist, tells the story, all these developments are brought out with fascinating literary artistry.

As a love affair gradually obliterated Kipling's "Greatest Story in the World," so here the complication of *Ann Courtney* operates to confuse the two personalities in one of *Harry Belsire* and *Davenport* and it is made known in course of time that *Mrs. Orme*, in working the *Planchette* with *Harry*, brought out the *Davenport* that is submerged in *Harry*. She has not shown the first *Davenport* writings to *Harry*, but *Harry*, in his fits of other-where-ness, in his periods of loss of the *Belsire* identity, continues unconsciously to put forth the *Davenport* articles that so perturb the people whose interests are higher politics, trade and war.

Now *Mrs. Orme* had been very fond of a sister, *Hilda*, who had died, and moreover, *Mr. and Mrs. Orme* had been very desirous of and much disappointed in failing to have a baby, and *Hilda* communicated with *Mrs. Orme* by *Planchette*. *Davenport* swept *Hilda* off the board. When a crisis comes as between *Ann Courtney* and *Harry*, suddenly *Mrs. Orme* sends for the archaeologist investigator, who tells the story. She has something to tell him. He finds her excited, radiant, exalted. He tells it.

"Hilda!" was the word with which she greeted me.

"You've heard from her?" I—grunted, I'm afraid. She nodded and breathed. "Yes, but that isn't all. Oh, Stephen, I'm so happy. And I ought not to be." And then she cried a little. . . .

She had felt a longing for dead *Hilda*, had sent for *Harry* and had operated *Planchette* with him, though he participated gracelessly. After a bit, a message: "Little Fool, why don't you leave me alone? I am happy and watching you. Cherish the new life. *Hilda*." But why had *Mrs. Orme* tried to keep *Harry* and *Ann* apart? Because *Harry* was such a sensitive, so much the child, . . . "With *Ann* to keep him from—you can't say I didn't appreciate the value of *Ann*." . . . Well, *Planchette* is burned up. *Mrs. Orme* is done with it. The new life she is to cherish does away with all that.

The problem remains then to get the *Davenport* personality merged into the *Harry Belsire* personality. It's done by some sort of *hocus pocus*, to read which is to imagine that novelist *Marriott* must have read all about *Professor Morton Prince's* proposal to get at *Patience Worth* by having *Mrs. Curran* submit to crystal-gazing hypnosis. Incidentally there are hints from *Harry's* father of some wild and weird streaks in *Harry's* progenitors. There's an end of *Davenport*, who may possibly have been drawn by *Marriott* from no less a model than *John Galsworthy*. *Harry* does not "get" *Ann*. A German bullet got him at the *Marne*.

In the novel "*Davenport*" and the story of *Patience Worth* as I have told it in these *MIRROR* pages, the parallelism is clear. There are many divergences as well. But neither parallelism nor divergence affects the quality

of the writings of *Patience Worth*, the genius in them, the character in them, the art of realizing imaginary personalities, the almost miraculous use of a small and an especially constructed, composite vocabulary in expressing the finest shades, the farthest and deepest reaches of thought and feeling. *Mr. Marriott* is wonderful in his explanation of *Davenport*, but why not? He invented *Davenport*. That "*Davenport*" explains *Patience Worth* is not to be asserted. The thousands of people who have been intrigued by the beauty and wit and wisdom of *Patience Worth* will find in "*Davenport*" a situation, the consideration of which will help to clarify their thinking about the mystery of *Mrs. Curran's* familiar—"spirit," shall we say, or what?

♦♦♦♦

Otto Kahn on Railroads

By W. M. R.

OTTO H. KAHN is a big man in Wall street and somewhat of an aesthete. He writes about the railroad situation in the latest issue of *The World's Work*. He believes in governmental regulation as against public ownership, but he thinks the Interstate Commerce Commission has too much power. It is prosecutor, judge and jury. Its functions are legislative, executive, judicial. He quotes *James Madison* to the effect that such a combination of powers in one body is "the very definition of tyranny." That may be rhetorical overstatement but he makes one good point for the roads when he says that to this tribunal "there has never yet been appointed a man who came to it qualified by first rate experience in railway operation, or by broad business experience, or any considerable experience in financial matters." It wouldn't be a bad idea to have on the commission some railroad man like, let us say, *B. F. Bush*, of the *Missouri-Pacific*—if we could get him at the pay we have to give—or some financier like—well, like *Otto H. Kahn*.

An impressive showing does *Mr. Kahn* make of the amount of work devolving upon the commission. It is quite appalling. For the commission hears more cases than the Supreme Court, carries on criminal prosecutions, formulates and inspects systems of accounting of more than two thousand corporations, regulates hours of labor, inspects railroad equipment and apparatus, looks after the issuance of securities. It has to regulate telegraphs, telephones and pipe lines and conduct a physical valuation of all the railways. Congress has simply overwhelmed the commission with labors. The inference is that the commission can not do all these things and do them well. The railroads are also under supervision by thirty-three state commissions doing much as the national commission does. And the end is not yet, for between 1912 and 1915 more than four thousand bills affecting the railroads were introduced in Congress and the State Legislatures, and more than 440 were enacted.

Mr. Kahn admits there have been abuses in railroads but he maintains that in their resentful legislation "the people have overshoot the mark." His next remark is a delicious *non sequitur*, thus: "Not less than eighty-two railroads, comprising 41,988 miles and representing \$2,264,000,000 of capitalization, are in receivers' hands, and the mileage of new railroad constructed in 1915 is less than in any year since the Civil War." One would think that legislation and regulation caused all this disaster. We know that is not

so. Most railroad disaster is autogenetic, not heterogenetic in origin. The roads have been wrecked from the inside. *Mr. Kahn* should "tell that to *Apella*." Perhaps financiers won't put up money for railroads now because of popular and official antagonism to the roads, but it were better stated otherwise. The financiers won't put up money when they can't put over a lot of the things they did with such handsome rake-offs in the old days.

Mr. Kahn believes all interstate railroads should be under the Interstate Commission and not subject to jurisdiction of various state commissions. That is commonsensical. Some say it will come, when "states' rights" lose their superstitious power. *Mr. Kahn* would let the railroad officials make the rates, the commission to raise or lower them on its own motion for cause. There's nothing patently wrong with that suggestion.

Mr. Kahn would abolish the present "lop-sided" laws as to railroads and pass new ones, not to punish but to aid the roads to give better service. That proposition begs the question by misstating it. The laws are not lop-sided. The roads have been "lop-sided," against the public interest.

Finally *Mr. Kahn* has a suggestion that is first rate in assurance of practicality and efficiency of regulation. He would, "to this end, follow the precedent established by the banking and currency legislation of 1913. The national functions of the railroads are in many respects analogous to those of the national banks. Free the railroads from the conflicting and multitudinous jurisdiction of the states and place them under a strong, effective central board in Washington, relieved of detail work, and with regional boards according to geographic groupings."

The analogy is good. To follow it would involve some elimination of duplicated services now rendered at a loss. Some lines would be abolished. "Feeders" that are "suckers" would be torn up. Capitalization would be reduced. Roads would have to conform to specific requirement just as the banks do. They would have to operate under definite rules. But the rules would vary according to varying conditions in different parts of the country. Maybe we could then see realized approximately the wish of *President Bush* of the *Missouri-Pacific* that the railroads might be owned by the people of the regions they serve, and the rates regulated by the boards for those regions. *Mr. Kahn's* article in *The World's Work* is an emanation from Wall street that is valuable because it is so different from the old Wall street cry, "Let us alone!"

♦♦♦

Mary

By O. M. Morris

A few days ago I was reading *Prof. Lomax's* "Cowboy Lyrics," an interesting compilation of chants of the ranch and plain—some of them tracing back to Irish balladry of the picaresque, many of them sung roaringly by myself in the days when pugilist *Tom Allen* ran his free-and-easy resort for navvies roystering after pay-day and swell sports anxious to bask in the glory of the man who had licked *Mike McCool*. And as I finished *Lomax's* book the mail brought in the verses here printed, with a few improvements in spelling. They came from *Duncan, Oklahoma*. They seem to me to come about as near to a true ballad in the style made familiar in the collections of old English broadsides as anything yet produced in this country. Whether its curious effect as of burlesque was consciously

contrived in imitation of the rhyming crudity of some old model, I do not know. Its banalities are honest in seeming; its moralizings are serious and its apparent intent is to be quite tremendously tragic, but its "alacrity in sinking" to bathos meant for pathos is the chief delight of its charm. The climactic anti-climax is quite stunning in its bold flourish of turning the noun "suicide" into a verb. I submit "Mary" to my readers as a happy reversion from the new verse, of which they may well have had enough, to an earlier form. "Mary" should surely find a place in future editions of *Child* and the collections and collations of Prof. C. Alphonso Smith.—W. M. R.

OUT on the farm where the world is wide,
And Nature has her sway;
Where the rivulet winds its tiny stream
O'er the pebbles all the day;
Where the good old mother sits and darns
While the father rakes the hay;
A little tot named Mary
Came into the world one day.

Now Mary was a little blonde
With eyes so fair and blue,
And auburn hair hung down her back
As she romped the whole day through;
In school she learned to conjugate,
The simple word *amo*,
This word she did not understand,
And many never know.

For *amo* means to love you know,
The grandest gift of God;
Still, it has caused much misery;
Since the days of Cain and Nod;
Mark Anthony disgraced his men,
Deserted his Roman fleet,
And climbed in Cleopatra's yacht,
And worshiped at her feet.

So Mary now began to learn
To love and be caressed;
She yearned to leave the country home,
For glare and jewels and dress;
For Nature seemed to lose its hold,
And the grass was not as green,
For Mary's eyes turned toward the town,
The pictures on the screen.

Her mother begged her not to go,
She knew the world was cold;
She knew that Mary's innocence
Would turn out to be bold;
She knew the world was treacherous,
A misstep she might take;
But Mary went to town that night,
While her mother lay awake.

The father did not say a word;
His heart was almost broke;
Caressed the mother to his breast,
But neither of them spoke;
The tears flowed down their wrinkled cheeks,
While silent Nature crept,
Mary now had gone away,
While father and mother wept.

Now Mary fell in love you know
With one whose eyes were dark;
Who flipped the cards from morn till night,
As happy as a lark;
The time was short, the wedding came,
The clothes were nice and smart,
But Mary did not know that she
Was cooing a false heart.

So Mary lived in luxury
And motored to the farm;
Diamonds glistened on her hands,
As she took her mother's arm;
Her mother pressed her to her breast,
And never said a word;

She knew that Mary was as pure
And innocent as a bird.

In just a year a baby came,
And Mary named her Ruth;
For Mary read of Boaz
Back in the days of Youth.
But times had changed, her husband broke,
And he fled them afar;
While Ruth and Mary were alone,
He patronized the bar.

Now Mary would not go back home,
The world became so blue;
She meditated all the day,
She found no work to do;
She sent Ruth back out on the farm,
From town to city fled;
To hunt work to support herself,
To buy her food and bed.

So Mary trod the city's streets,
But found no work to do;
She longed to send some money home
For Ruth and mother too;
With money gone and hunger's pangs,
The choice she had to take;
To get money "the easy way,"
Or die for mother's sake.

She slept that night on the cold, damp ground,
And dreamed of the farm and youth;
When the mother begged her to remain,
Before the days of Ruth;
She fought the battle all night long,
Against "the easy way" decided,
A telegram sent home next morn;
"Mary suicided."

♦♦♦♦

Of the Source of a River

By John L. Hervey

IF I seem to come belated to Spoon River, finding its banks already covered with all sorts of critical craft curiously exploring its waters and finding therein "treasures, pearls, monsters, unknown storms," it is not because I was late in discovering it. The appearance of the first "garland" in the MIRROR summer-before-last was to me a genuine literary event and as one after another the succeeding ones were printed I read and re-read them with undiminished interest, realizing that in the complete "Anthology" a new flower had blossomed in our garden of American poesy. It might quite possibly be a *fleur du mal*—but yet a living, organic growth amid a profusion chiefly artificial, devoid alike of colour or odour, sapless, lifeless, all of tissue-paper or *papier-maché*. There are times, nevertheless, when despite an even intense interest, a real excitement, one remains silent for an interval at least. Not from any mean desire to withhold due meed of praise or niggardly disinclination to proffer to a new creator thankful recognition of his creation. But so many "tributes" (I believe that is the correct word?) were at once forthcoming that it seemed certain one more or less would not be missed—especially one which at best could be but negligible. No—I wanted to let Spoon River, in the vernacular, "soak into me" before in turn I pretended to exude anything "about it and about." I also wanted, with a particular curiosity, to observe at my leisure the impression it produced and the sequent literary stir. My anticipations were not disappointed. Cast like a burning brand amongst dry stubble, the combustion was instantaneous. It is still burning—and the latest field to be illuminated by the blaze being the most interesting, the most salient, I shall take it for my point of departure, or, to change the figure for my former one, shall endeavor, with its light thrown across the River, to "see what I can see" there.

The field to which I allude is *The Forum*, and

the blaze that has broken out there has taken the shape of the symposium contributed to the January number by Messrs. Willard Huntington Wright, Bliss Carman, William Stanley Braithwaite and Shaemas OSheel. Spooniana, if so I may call it, is beginning to assume bulky proportions. That all of it has swum (or floated) into my ken is impossible. But I think I have missed few of the really important contributions—and none of them have interested me so much as this; in which opinion, I believe, other observers will for the most part concur with me.

The diversity, the sincerity and the pungency of Messrs. Wright's, Carman's, Braithwaite's and OSheel's appraisals is in itself stimulating and provoking—and, with the River flowing always through the background, it all unites to form a literary landscape in a peculiar degree arousing to anyone approximating the estate of the "restless analyst." Particularly is this so because of the impossibility of correlating what these gentlemen have to say except in the most tenuous and irresponsible manner. They do not hang together at all. But they do "hang separately" with decided piquancy. Each of these attempts at interpretation, analysis or appreciation is rather an *exposé* of its author than anything else. The River filters or winds or gushes or turbidly foams and frets through all of them, of course—but do we not rather, at the end, lay aside the magazine with a pretty vivid impression of the protagonists but a rather nebulous one of the play? Yet that is no reproach. In all literary adventures, the personality of the adventurer is one of the engrossing items of the spectacle as the onlooker "lamps" it. In this way literature serves a double purpose. It is the "thing in itself" if we so narrowly choose to regard it. And it is also the thing revelatory of many other selves—many-headed as Demos, and putting forth fresh members with the prolificacy of Krishna or Vishnu.

Of the four contributors to the symposium, as I view it, Mr. Wright must interest us most, because he delivers a direct attack, without preliminary maneuvers, skillfully planned and vigorously executed. Mr. Carman offers us something clever in its way but quite indecisive; you read it with more or less enjoyment and at the end you come out by the same door where in you went. The one outstanding feature is that Mr. Carman discovered a urinal not concealed but prominently displayed about the person of *Enoch Dunlap*; whereupon he first "gasped with a cold shock" and then "hooted with joy" because of such "terrible frankness."

"Can it be possible that this is New England, And I am still living in the world in which I was born?"

he dithyrambically, not to say dramatically, ejaculates. All of which I find quaintly amusing. This utensil which so convulses the soul of Mr. Carman is not a new discovery of Mr. Masters'. George Moore introduced it into Literature (with an upper-case L) some years ago. Personally, I don't think it belongs there. There is, after all, such a thing as pudicity; which, rightly understood, is of universal suffrage—that is, if we continue to make any pretense of civilization. The utensil referred to properly belongs, not in poetry, but catalogues of plumber's supplies. When not immediately equipped and closely connected with sanitary devices, in plain English, it smells to Heaven—poisons the air and breeds pestilence. And—may I be permitted to observe?—Spoon River is as devoid of sanitation as was Havana before the American occupation.

Mr. Braithwaite's article is characterized by touches of insight and a very generous spirit of appreciation—but he seems still too much excited by what he has experienced. He is, in short, "carried away"—and hasn't yet got back. Mr. OSheel is in very much the same state of mind. His contribution is especially interesting as being that of a poet whose "output" in no wise resembles that of

Mr. Masters and his almost lyric paragraphs are, perhaps, not dissimilar to the longings of the palm for the pine.

These three gentlemen last-named approach Spoon River exclusively through the avenue of "appeal." They are all for the things which Mr. Wright explicitly tells us are critically abominable. He bases himself, confidently, if not very possibly, too firmly, upon the pronouncement that "The tutored art-lover no longer demands moods, drama and illustration in music; nor does he demand anecdote, 'atmosphere,' meticulous objectivity or 'feeling' in painting. Such arbitrary characteristics have given way to profounder postulates." We read on, eager to discover what these profounder postulates may be and we reach in a very short time, what the prophetic souls of some of us may have felt was coming—i. e., the Würzburg experiments and the scientific (or what we may let pass for that) formulae concerned with "the empathical form and rhythmic organization which accord with the emotional reactions as analyzed and recorded" in connection therewith. At which juncture some of Mr. Wright's readers will inevitably begin to flounder and call for help—particularly those whose familiarity with Würzburgian experiments pertains not to æsthetical abstractions, but a certain liquid which, customarily, they prefer served in ice-cold steins.

So we proceed—and, having read Mr. Wright with attention to the end, most of us, I think, will feel that just as his confreres are a bit inclined to overflow and inundate he runs on between very narrow banks. In his fury against "appeal"—it is a real fury, even if a contained one—and his propaganda for scientific æstheticism he becomes an extremist and, recoiling from Scylla, falls into Charybdis. What, after all, are the Würzburg experiments, or their results, in emotional reaction, but a new path across very old territory?—a path that really fetches up at a goal which inquiry reached centuries ago? Inquiring minds, ages before Würzburg or German science existed, discovered that everything embraced in the area of the "five senses" settled down at last to reaction from the effect of contact—"the shuddering, longing ache of contact," as Whitman phrased it, toward which eternally creation heaves. Sight is merely contact—the contact of light-waves with the optic nerve. Hearing is merely contact—the contact of sound-waves with the auditory nerve; and so on down the scale. Mr. Wright calls upon us to probe and not to feel—but the depths of being were never more searchingly probed than in that line:

"Thought is deeper than all speech, feeling than all thought."

Mr. Wright, in effect, says to us—"Think, do not feel. Feeling is untutored"—go to his article for the rest of it. But nothing is so sterile as thought divorced from feeling; and, while the Science of Æsthetics may continue to flourish after atmosphere, mood, drama, *et al.*, have been not only warned off the reservation, but hunted down by the scientific sleuths and butchered in cold blood, it will, I fear, be reduced to the condition of living upon its own fat—that is, if we can conceive of anything so stearic (to borrow something from the buttery of the Old Farmhouse) as in any way clothing its austere anatomy.

I tremble with fright when I behold all of Mr. Wright's field artillery and siege guns pointed at positions—quite unfortified!—which, in my untutoredness, I occupy. But terror sometimes makes us bold—and, Würzburg to the contrary, I do most audaciously deny this doctrine of "the inherent merit or demerit" of a work of art. There is nothing *inherent*—abstractly *inherent*—in any work of art; nothing that is not impermanent, transient, evaporative, continually and perpetually composing, decomposing, creating and re-creating itself in ever new and varying forms. The doctrine of Inherency implies inability to change; something static, fixed, determined. There is only one inherent quality of art—and that is the Protean capacity for reincarna-

tion, for transformation, for transubstantiation. I deny what Mr. Wright challenges denial of—tremblingly, as I have said, but nevertheless I do deny. "You deny psychology, chemistry, heliotropism and biology—all of which sciences are the bases of æsthetic apperception"—so he avers. "Apperception"—did Leibnitz, I wonder, have any premonition of all that was to follow his formulation of the theory of apperception? Scarcely—but what interests me is the undoubted fact that a large share of the greatest art that the human race has thus far produced sprung from soil which psychology, chemistry, heliotropism and biology had not manured (or exhausted?); that is, not apperceptively in the strict sense of that term. For apperception is not in its essence creative. It is compositional. And between creation and composition there is all the difference in the world. Supreme artistic creations are possible without apperceptive psychology, chemistry, heliotropism or biology. Many a great creative artist, if accosted upon the highway by these entities, would have said to them, "Pardon me—you have made a mistake!" and passed on. For these artists were, while extraordinarily conscious, quite un-self-conscious. That is to say, they were inspired. Mr. Wright will, of course, repudiate inspiration absolutely. It is an antiquated notion, I admit. I admit, also, that the Würzburg experiments throw no light upon it. But it is not one of the five senses—it is a sixth sense, if you will, and deplorably unscientific.

But I am wandering from "Spoon River"—and, returning to it, I would say that, as the readers of the MIRROR know, Mr. Wright traces its source to Edwin Arlington Robinson's "Children of the Night"—and Mr. Masters has stated that he had never read Mr. Robinson's book at the time he wrote Spoon River. Mr. Wright's thrust was an adroit one, but it appears not to have reached. It must be conceded that his surmise was based upon a plausible assumption, when we take up the two volumes for comparative purposes. But Mr. Masters' statement we are bound to accept—and we will also discover, after all, that "Children of the Night," while affording material for an assumption, cannot adequately fulfill the role of progenitor of "Spoon River." But, as the juncture is opportune, I will avail myself of it to call attention to something which, from the date of Spoon River's advent, I have been expecting someone else to point out. That no one has still remains to me, after a year and a half, difficult to account for.

Something like thirty years ago there appeared an American novel entitled, "The Story of a Country Town." It was written by E. W. Howe, a middle-aged journalist of Atchison, Kansas, and was his first book. Absolutely unheralded, it was an immediate, almost a sensational success. It would have succeeded on its own merits, but Mr. William Dean Howells, with percipient vision, the moment he encountered it went upon record with the assertion that it was a new creation in fiction—a presentment, in powerful and moving terms, of a phase of American life hitherto undepicted, clothed with tragic veracity and poignancy in its way unprecedented. The book ran through edition after edition and E. W. Howe "awoke to find himself famous," just as "Spoon River" and Edgar Lee Masters have. He was the editor of the Atchison *Globe*, which he continued to be. He published three or four other novels subsequently, and never repeated his great hit. But through the columns of his newspaper he continued, almost daily, to give to the world jets and flashes of the same extraordinary character that distinguished his one remarkable piece of sustained literary composition. "Old Ed Howe" he came in time to be familiarly dubbed—and everybody who is anybody in American journalism knows him or knows of him. "The Story of a Country Town" is one of the comparatively few pieces of American fiction as much as thirty years old that is still "in print." You can obtain it at almost any bookstore worthy the name. But,

considering the case of "Spoon River," I begin to believe it is no longer read. At least, none of the army of critics, interpreters, commentators upon and exploiters of Mr. Masters' book seem to have read it, or they could not have remained oblivious of the extraordinary family resemblance between the two works.

Now, it is possible that Mr. Masters has never read "The Story of a Country Town"—though I incline to the belief that he must have, because he is Western, and at the time when everybody in the West was reading it (as everybody who read anything did) he was a young man who must have been reading a great deal; or so I gather from what I have heard of him. If he says that he has, my convictions regarding the source of "Spoon River" will be assured; but if he says that he has not, I will still not forego them because of the fact that "Old Ed Howe" has exerted a tremendous influence, if not directly, then indirectly, if not consciously, then sub-consciously, upon all Western journalism and literary effort, in so far as it has concerned itself with first-hand interpretation of local life.

"The Story of a Country Town" is the story of the town of Twin Mounds, in "the prairie district out west." It is a town which is the twin of "Spoon River"—and what Mr. Masters, in his "Anthology," has told us in a series of fragments, "Old Ed Howe" told us in a composed narrative drama of the almost indescribable sordidness, dreariness, spiritual death-in-life and iron tragedy making up the existences of those who lived there. It seems to me that some readers of the MIRROR must know it, and to those I need not speak. But to the others I would say—get the book, acquaint yourselves with the lives, the personalities and the fates of *Jo Erring* and *Mateel Shepherd*, of the *Rev. John Westlock* and his wife, of *Clinton Bragg*, of *The Meek*, of *Mrs. Tremaine*, of *Damon Barker*, of *Lyle Biggs* and the rest of the *dramatis personae* that defile through its pages. You will find them so startlingly like the population of "Spoon River" that it will seem almost uncanny. So will the likeness of "atmosphere" (that property which Mr. Wright so utterly contemns), moral and physical, in which the two productions are bathed. There is not a trace of *morbidesza* in either—but the same stark, saturnine disrobing of souls, the same relentless moral vivisection, the same grim, implacable exposure—they are all stripped naked before you, beneath a somber sky that broods heavily above the dismal earth whereon they play their futile parts and from which they betake themselves in loathing and despair, with very much the same words upon their lips and distraction in their hearts.

But by this I do not mean to say that Mr. Masters has copied Howe. What he has done is work in the same material, to the same effect, but in a different way. And again, to a certain extent, it is not so different—for one could take many a paragraph from Howe's story, saw it up, so to speak, into stove-lengths of differing measurements, and convert it into very much such *vers libre* as Mr. Masters', *literatim*. The temptation to do this is strong, but I will not yield to it. I will not because I do not wish to be construed as belittling Mr. Masters' performance, as form. We cannot appreciate "Spoon River," I think, if we do not perceive that it *had to be written in that form* or not at all. Mr. Wright says it is formless and never should have been written. That is all a matter of taste—although, somewhat strangely, Mr. Wright even repudiates taste. The form of "Spoon River," from my standpoint, while inevitable, is open to serious criticism. So is the whole work. But it is not my purpose to go into its poetry and its not-poetry, for that would be, in the end, ineffectual. I merely recognize that it does contain some of the most indisputable poetry—along with a very considerable amount of matter which, I agree with Mr. Wright, is not poetry at all. But that is beside the question. The question is, Does it or does it not pro-

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duce the effect that the author intended? If it does, there is nothing more, on that score, to say.

"Spoon River" is more intense and more closely knit than "The Story of a Country Town." With less unity of design it produces, perhaps, more unity of impression. It is firmer, denser, page for page, of greater specific gravity. But on the contrary, the earlier book, by its very discursiveness, its lack of being so setly written for effect, has a repose that is eventually but quietly telling. The nervous, the spasmodic note may be more piercing—but it does not always carry so far.

I have expressed my surprise that the work of Mr. Masters and that of Howe have not previously been linked up. And in closing I must again express my surprise that the work of Mr. Masters and that of Whitman have been so persistently linked up. What have they in common? Nothing—save the superficial circumstance that each poet dispenses with rhyme. "Spoon River" is a gospel of despair, an abstract and brief chronicle of moral and spiritual, of individual and communal bankruptcy, a breviary of broken hearts and a litany of lost souls—the polluted stream into which seeps or is emptied all the sewage and offal of the Gehenna *in petto* which like a plague-spot squats upon its banks. Whitman is not of the river—he is of the sea and all its salubrity, its wide free spaces, its life-giving air, its rejoicing winds, its roaring, singing waters, so lustral, so renovating and renewing, so health-bestowing. "The divine ship sails the divine sea," he calls to us, "for you!" Out of the illimitable vastitude, the profound recesses of his exultant humanity issues no forlorn train of suicides, assassins, lechers, thugs and harpies and their accomplices and victims, frustrate ghosts gibbering in our ears the grisly histories of their lamentable lives and dismal deaths, agonized exits from a terrible present into a still more terrible hereafter. "I know I came well," sings Whitman, "and I shall go well . . . I laugh at what you call dissolution." Drunk with the wonder and splendour of the universe, the glory of life, the divinity of love, the gladness of comradeship, he cries, "I am mad with devouring ecstasy to make joyous hymns for the whole earth!" Saying also, "I do not know what it is, except that it is grand, and that is happiness." He regards evil, only to resolve it into not-evil; for, he assures us, "The soul is always beautiful. The universe is duly in order, everything is in its place." From the spectre-haunted shores of "Spoon River" is wafted to us upon the dreary wind that sweeps its miasmal eddies only the Everlasting Nay of Death Triumphant—while from Leaves of Grass comes, full-throated, clarion-pealing, the Everlasting Yea—"Of Life immense in passion, pulse and power, Cheerful—for freest action formed, under the laws divine."

♦♦♦♦

In Re "Le Cliché"

By Louis Albert Lamb

MEANTIME young women of the literary trade plume themselves on the possession of "le cliché," as if that were a thing of high value in a matter of art! Of this one they say: "Ah, he is all to the good! See, he has the cliché!" And of another, in whose work the immortal gods delight and revel day and night, and for whom the Parcae cease weaving webs of Destiny to plat crowns of bay and laurel leaves, these literary arbiters speak in the deadly B Minor of letters, saying: "It is to be regretted, indeed it is, that he lacks style! His writing is not half bad—'pas demi mal,' don't you know—and he really has ideas, some that would get over if So and So had them; but *Mon Dieu!* he hasn't the 'touch,' he lacks style, he hasn't acquired 'le Cliché!'"

"Infandum, Regina, iubes renovare dolorem,
... quaeque ipse miserrima vidi,
Et quorum pars magna fui. . . ."

There's no getting around it, someone *must* tell these Aspasias about the "cliché." They are being

led astray for want of copies of "*Le Petit Larousse Illustré*." They have fallen into the worst of sloughs and birdlime. They have assigned a major value to a minor entity! It is the way of ignorance in all generations. No one is free from the danger of that misstep. Only the other day a well-read and scholarly gentleman of my intimate acquaintance plunged boldly into such a morass as this: "For myself, I have preferred always Stagyrus to the Academe." Which, of course, is easy to resolve into the curious proposition that the part is greater than the whole: for I fancy that no serious person, of deep scholarship, and a well-ordered mind, would contend on mature second thought, that Plato was in any particular the inferior of Aristotle. Since it is demonstrable without a post-graduate course in Greek philosophy and poetry that Plato was to Hellas what the Nazarene was to all Christendom. However that may be—and I concede that I have no right to trample the *parterres* of my brother-gardeners of art and letters—it has nothing to do with the deadly "cliché."

The importance of this matter may not be obvious; but it becomes so when you pause to reflect that all literature is but the increment of the power of the word, through the processes of the prosier or of the poet. Dr. John Fiske invented that formula. You will find it applied to science and art, somewhere in the most exquisite book of science ever written, "The Destiny of Man." Whence it follows that if the prosier or poet have no verbal authority, no power of verbal transformation, no faculty of verbal trans-substantiation, he is in the sad case of the bacteriologist without an Abbé objective—wanting the "increment of the power of the eye"; or like a mathematician without the imaginative penetration to see that by adding "7xy" to both terms of the equation he will obtain a perfect square and thence arrive at the roots! .

In other words: the habit of parrot-prating about the "cliché" may be taken as finality of proof that the mummer knows very little about the niceties of words, hence has little power of verbal "increment," hence has little literary virtuosity, and by the cruel logic of propriety, ought not to sit in judgment in the chair of letters! For it happens that the French term "*le cliché*" is the immediate derivative of a verb meaning "cast a stereotype form for printing"; thence, the word "*cliché*," meaning a set form, for the indefinite multiplication of printed matter. And, passing into the language of common use, "*cliché*" means commonplace, trite, banal, threadbare: in brief, it means everything that commendable "literature" ought not to exhibit, everything that sane criticism and judgment ought to castigate, condemn and deplore!

Such is the irony of these topsy-turvy times, the "cliché" is what the critics and umpires of letters look for in strange MSS., and finding, chortle with unhallowed joy. For to recognize "*le cliché*" is understood to signify that one is "*dans le mouvement*," concerned with the outside of the cup, desirous that the sepulchres be neatly whitened and pulchritudinous, regardless of the bones within!

It is not necessary to exhaust one's brain-cells trying to recall current examples of "*le cliché*." Readers of the Philadelphia brand of seven-league literachoor have several of the 57 varieties stencilled on their retinas, so that no other kind of writing seems to be at all considerable. There is the fake "simplicity" form. The spurious "modesty" cliché, which would put a garter on a leg to take off the curse of nudity. There is the "lure of nature" pattern. The cliché of the Edwardbok-ised domestic *ménage*. And all the flub-dub that says "motor" when "Ford" is meant; "the servants" when "hired girl" is in point; "jewels" when the *res gesta* begin and end with a "14-karat solid gold rolled plate" Lavallière; "rich banker" when the person referred to is mostly occupied with "calling margins" on the telephone in a ticker shop. In one word, the cliché of social sham and hypocrisy finds its efflorescent perfection in the City of Brotherly Cant.

But the high art cliché is quite another matter. To define it in general terms is about as difficult as to find a general formula for the curves described by stones thrown by schoolboys. You feel it as a sort of "too-pure-and-good-for-human-nature's-daily-food" nicety in the frescoing of the words on the printed page. Such literature is to real literature as a duel with rapiers in the Bois at dawn is to a fight with Bowie knives on the Mesa Verde, with a maverick steer at issue. It bears the same relation to writing that a patch of roughened scarf-skin bears to surgery. In short, it's what everybody recognizes as a "bluff," a pretense, a pure hypocrisy of the professional scribe. There is no authority in it. It produces no effect. It is, as Romain Rolland said of something similar, entirely "manustuprative." It is "art" poured out on the sands of the Libyan desert, producing no increase, heightening the green of no date palm, adding nothing to the beauty of life. Brilliant such modishly clichéd writing may be, frequently is; but it is the brilliancy of a nitrogen Mazda—all the vital oxygen removed and azote substituted. Why use up so much wattage to produce a sterile and useless light?

The trouble seems to be that the "Sylvain Kohns" have taken possession of the Monotype and Linotype machines, and also of the Levy half-tone screens and color-printing kits, and are using all of them to propagandize for Philistia. You are in great good fortune if you can find anything in current literature and illustration which does not echo the Gospel of Art According to St. Sylvain: "We are artists. It is art for art's sake with us. Art is pure, always; there's nothing but chastity in art. We explore life, like tourists, who find amusement in everything. We are curious for new sensations; we have the lust of beauty." And it is very difficult not to assume the role of St. Ezekiel Jean *Christophe*, and retort:

"You are hypocrites, rather than artists. In Germany the classic hypocrisy is to talk incessantly of 'idealism.' But you are much worse. You hide your softness and love of luxury under the names of 'art' and 'beauty' (both with capital letters) when your moral Pilate-ism is not seeking refuge under the names of 'truth,' 'science,' or 'intellectual duty,' and washing its hands of the consequences of its lofty inquests. Art for Art's sake, indeed! A magnificent faith, but fit only for the strong. To embrace life, as the eagle his prey and bear it aloft to the far serene heights—ah, that calls for talons, and spreading pinions, and a mighty heart. But you are only sparrows, which having found a bit of carrion pick it to pieces in the street with much brawling and chattering. Art for Art's sake, indeed! Nay, Art is Life conquered. Art is the emperor of Life. And to be Caesar one must have a soul. But you are only puppet kings, playing a role that not even you yourselves believe in! Like actors who win glory from their deformities, you make literature out of yours and those of the public. Where death is, Art is not, for Art is what maketh alive."

It is not easy to work a fractional still so that Cause will condense in one receptacle and Effect in another. The two things ordinarily form an inseparable mixture, and only the cock-sure and empiric person ventures to assert, "This is Cause." "That is Effect." Monsieur Rolland has not defined the "cliché" in the passage just translated from "*La Foire Sur La Place*," but he has sketched with admirable cunning the effects of cliché-worship, or the cause of it, or both.

However, the context—in the same chapter of "The Fair"—supplies the needed definition. Kindly follow this passage:

"When Christophe, impatient of limitations, threw off the yoke of the great masters of the past; when he marched to war against the Pharisaical in morals and esthetics, it was not sport for him as for these pretty folk, these fine-spun minds: he was serious, deadly serious; and his revolt had for its object Life—fruitful Life, big with centuries to come! Among these people everything went for sterile enjoyment. An unfruitful debauch of thought and senses. A brilliant art, full of spirit, and skill; beautiful form, a tradition of beauty maintained in spite of foreign alluvium; a dramatic literature done for the

theater; a style which was just a 'style;' authors who knew their trade; writers who knew how to write; in fine—the very beautiful skeleton of an art, of a thought, which should have been potent. But only a skeleton! Tinkling words, sounding phrases, the metallic clash of ideas hurled into a void; intellectual tricks, brains rotten with sensuality and controversialism—all serving no end except egotistic satisfaction. Tant d'esprit, d'intelligence, des sens si affinés, se dépensaient en une sorte d'onanisme honteux!"

Why search farther? One need have but small synthetic capacity to build from the bricks and rubble thus presented a wall as grim and bare of the living ivy of veritable Art as the writings of the *cliché-aristoi* themselves! The *cliché* is the mark of the *repoussé* hammer on the silver bowl. It is the unremoved scratch, or irrelevant accessory, on the "first state" of an etching—more precious than much fine gold in the eyes of the bourgeois collector, thinking only of market quotations and the probable "appreciation of value in early states." It is the gilt on the lily petal of perfection—the touch of No. 40 carmine added to the American Beauty by a venal florist, or the dash of attar sprayed into the calyx to make the queen of flowers sell at a higher price—oh, ye dear gods, what beings these thy philistine creations! It is the "margin of bare canvas around the masterpiece" of the painter, left for the cordwainer, collector, or rich amateur, that finds pleasure in the quantity and quality of the cloth—as Whistler fully describes in "The Gentle Art of Eliminating the Incubus of Friends." It is the *stria* in the emerald—dear to the huckster because found only in true gems, never in the synthetics of Paris. It is the red spot on the hub of the automobile, or the scutcheon on the radiator grating. It is the band on the segar, the label on the *cuvée*, the brand on the cork. It is the odor of sanctity that clings about a widow-robbing, trust-deed forging, elder of the church sessions. It is the calcium oxide milk on the outer part of the charnel cave. It is the wanton's tremulous declaration of loyalty. It is the least and meanest of the accidental things of genuine Art, expanded to the *n* plus *ith* power of the infinitesimally little fake art—the art, that is to say, which is dear to the *cliché*-pinkertons of our Gotham Grub street. Such, in eloquent brevity, is "*Le Cliché*."

New York, Chicago, Boston, and other publishing centers are rotten with the Baal-worship of the *comme il faut* banality. Let a brother-uterine of the XXIII Psalm of David, expressed in all the nobility and dignity of the King James translators, come over the idolatrous altar of any of these literary heathen, what would happen? It would be read, over dry Martinis and some sort of *ragout* of sea-food, at some Bohemian *brasserie*; duly fumed with the pungent fumes of Caire or Moscou; bandied back and forth from one Ashtoreth-worshipper; and finally be smudged by the roll of the censor, because wanting in the "Style" that is nothing but style; because lacking the "*cliché*" which connotes much luffing and tacking on sea-legs in the literary bight around Broadway and 42nd street! No chance in the world for the American literary non-conformist to escape persecution in Gotham's Fleet and Grub streets. If that is your specification, American Writer, be advised in time. Set sail without ado for some Leyden of literary tolerance and liberty; there abide until the gust and squall are over, then charter a good ship "*Mayflower*" and make sea for some barren and inhospitable Plymouth Rock of letters. Thus, and only thus, may you be able to escape the persecutions of the *cliché* inquisition.

For the rest of us, who write only when we have something within us, struggling against the rigid sphincters of the womb of utterance, tearing the substance of our hearts, beating at the narrow gate of birth: for us to whom "being published" is as consequent or as inconsequent as being praised or blamed, one thing there is we can do and must do: Pursue that Art which is Life and say the thing that is for us to say in the manner of its gestation. To the photographers, stereotypers, and New York

magazine and book editors let us grant the unassailed monopoly of that sign-manual of "best-sellers," *Le Cliché*.

The Gold Fish

By R. B. Cunninghame Graham

OUTSIDE the little straw-thatched *cafe* in a small courtyard trellised with vines, before a miniature table painted in red and blue, and upon which stood a dome-shaped pewter teapot and a painted glass half filled with mint, sat Amarabat, resting and smoking hemp. He was of those whom Allah in his mercy (or because man in the Blad-Allah has made no railways) has ordained to run. Set upon the road, his shoes pulled up, his waistband tightened, in his hand a staff, a palm-leaf wallet at his back, and in it bread, some hemp, a match or two (known to him as *el spiritus*), and a letter to take anywhere, crossing the plains, fording the streams, struggling along the mountain-paths, sleeping but fitfully, a burning rope steeped in saltpetre fastened to his foot, he trotted day and night—untiring as a camel, faithful as a dog.

In Rabat as he sat dozing, watching the greenish smoke curl upwards from his hemp pipe, word came to him from the Khalifa of the town. So Amarabat rose, paid for his tea with half a handful of defaced and greasy copper coins, and took his way towards the white palace with the crenelated walls, which on the cliff, hanging above the roaring tide-rip, just inside the bar of the great river, looks at Salee. Around the horseshoe archway of the gate stood soldiers, wild, fierce-eyed, armed to the teeth, descendants, most of them, of the famed warriors whom Sultan Muley Ismail (may God have pardoned him!) bred for his service, after the fashion of the Carlylean hero Frederic; and Amarabat walked through them, not aggressively, but with the staring eyes of a confirmed hemp-smoker, with the long stride of one who knows that he is born to run, and the assurance of a man who waits upon his lord.

Some time he waited whilst the Khalifa dispensed what he thought justice, chaffered with Jewish pedlars for cheap European goods, gossiped with friends, looked at the antics of a dwarf, or priced a Georgian or Circassian girl brought with more care than glass by some rich merchant from the East. At last Amarabat stood in the presence, and the Khalifa, sitting upon a pile of cushions playing with a Waterbury watch, a pistol and a Koran by his side, addressed him thus:—

"Amarabat, son of Bjorma, my purpose is to send thee to Taflet, where our liege lord the Sultan lies with his camp. Look upon this glass bowl made by the Kaffir, but clear as is the crystal of the rock; see how the light falls on the water, and the shifting colors that it makes, as when the Bride of the Rain stands in the heavens, after a shower in spring. Inside are seven gold fish, each scale as bright as letters in an Indian book. The Christian from whom I bought them said originally they came from the far East where the Djinn-descended Jawi live, the little yellow people of the faith. That may be, but such as they are, they are a gift for kings. Therefore, take thou the bowl. Take it with care, and bear it as it were thy life. Stay not, but in an hour start from the town. Delay not on the road, be careful of the fish, change not their water at the muddy pool where tortoises bask in the sunshine, but at running brooks; talk not to friends, look not upon the face of woman by the way, although she were as a gazelle, or as the maiden who when she walked through the fields the sheep stopped feeding to admire. Stop not, but run through day and night, pass through the Atlas at the Glaui; beware of frost, cover the bowl with thine own haik; upon the other side shield me the bowl from the Saharan sun, and drink not of the water if thou pass a day athirst when toiling through the sand. Break not the bowl, and see the fish arrive

in Taflet, and then present them, with this letter, to our lord. Allah be with you, and his Prophet; go, and above all things see thou breakest not the bowl."

And Amarabat, after the manner of his kind, taking the bowl of gold fish, placed one hand upon his heart and said: "Inshallah, it shall be as thou hast said. God gives the feet and lungs. He also gives the luck upon the road."

So he passed out under the horseshoe arch, holding the bowl almost at arm's length so as not to touch his legs, and with the palmetto string by which he carried it, bound round with rags. The soldiers looked at him, but spoke not, and their eyes seemed to see far away, and to pass over all in the middle distance, though no doubt they marked the smallest detail of his gait and dress. He passed between the horses of the guard all standing nodding under the fierce sun, the reins tied to the cantles of their high red saddles, a boy in charge of every two or three; he passed beside the camels resting by the well, the donkeys standing dejected by the firewood they had brought; passed women, veiled white figures going to the baths; and passing underneath the lofty gateway of the town, exchanged a greeting with the half-mad, half-religious beggar just outside the walls, and then emerged upon the sandy road, between the aloe hedges, which skirts along the sea. So as he walked, little by little he fell into his stride; then got his second wind, and smoking now and then a pipe of hemp, began, as Arabs say, to eat the miles, his eyes fixed on the horizon, his stick stuck down between his shirt and back, the knob protruding over the left shoulder like the hilt of a two-handed sword. And still he held the precious bowl from Franquestan in which the golden fish swam to and fro, diving and circling in the sunlight, or flapped their tails to steady themselves as the water danced with the motion of his steps.

Never before in his experience had he been charged with such a mission, never before been sent to stand before Allah's vicegerent upon earth. But still the strangeness of his business was what preoccupied him most. The fish like molten gold, the water to be changed only at running streams, the fish to be preserved from frost and sun; and then the bowl: had not the Khalifa said at the last, "Beware, break not the bowl?" So it appeared to him that most undoubtedly a charm was in the fish and in the bowl, for who sends common fish on such a journey through the land? Then he resolved at any hazard to bring them safe and keep the bowl intact, and trotting onward, smoked his hemp, and wondered why he of all men should have had the luck to bear the precious gift. He knew he kept his law, at least as far as a poor man can keep it, prayed when he thought of prayer, or was assailed by terror in the night alone upon the plains; fasted in Ramadan, although most of his life was one continual fast; drank of the shameful but seldom, and on the sly, so as to give offense to no believer, and seldom looked upon the face of the strange women, Daughters of the Illegitimate, whom Sidna Mohammed himself has said, avoid. But all these things he knew were done by many of the faithful, and so he did not set himself up as of exceeding virtue, but rather left the praise to God, who helped his slave with strength to keep his law. Then left off thinking, judging the matter was ordained, and trotted, trotted over the burning plains, the gold fish dancing in the water as the miles melted and passed away.

Duar and Kasbah, castles of the Caids, Arabs' black tents, suddra zaribas, camels grazing—antediluvian in appearance—on the little hills, the muddy streams edged all along the banks with oleanders, the solitary horsemen holding their long and brass-hooped guns like spears, the white-robed noiseless-footed travelers on the roads, the chattering storks upon the village mosques, the cow-birds sitting on the cattle in the fields—he saw, but marked not, as he trotted on. Day faded into night, no twilight intervening, and the stars shone out, Soheil and Rigel with Betelgeuse and Alde-

baran, and the three bright lamps which the cursed Christians know as the Three Maries—called, he supposed, after the mother of their Prophet; and still he trotted on.

Then by the side of a lone palm-tree springing up from a cleft in a tall rock, an island on the plain, he stopped to pray; and sleeping, slept but fitfully, the strangeness of the business making him wonder; and he who cavils over matters in the night can never rest, for thus the jackal and the hyena pass their nights talking and reasoning about the thoughts which fill their minds when men lie with their faces covered in their haiks, and after prayer, sleep.

Rising after an hour or two and going to the nearest stream, he changed the water of his fish, leaving a little in the bottom of the bowl, and dipping with his brass drinking-cup into the stream for fear of accidents. He passed the Kasbah of el Daudi, passed the land of the Rahamna, accursed folk always in "siba," saw the great, snowy wall of Atlas rise, skirted Marakesh, the Kutubieh, rising first from the plain and sinking last from sight as he approached the mountains and left the great white city sleeping in the plain.

Little by little the country altered as he ran: cool streams for muddy rivers, groves of almond-trees, ashes and elms, with grape-vines binding them together as the liana binds the canela and the urunday in the dark forests of Brazil and Paraguay. At mid-day, when the sun was at its height, when locusts, whirring through the air, sank in the dust as flying-fish sink in the waves, when palm-trees seem to nod their heads, and lizards are abroad drinking the heat and basking in the rays, when the dry air shimmers, and sparks appear to dance before the traveler's eye, and a thin, reddish dust lies on the leaves, on clothes of men, and upon every hair of horses' coats, he reached a spring.

A river springing from a rock, or issuing after running underground, had formed a little pond. Around the edge grew bulrushes, great catmace, water-soldiers, tall arums and metallic-looking sedge-grass, which gave an air as of an outpost of the tropics lost in the desert sand. Fish played beneath the rock where the stream issued, flitting to and fro, or hanging suspended for an instant in the clear stream, darted into the dark recesses of the sides; and in the middle of the pond enormous tortoises, horrid and antediluvian-looking, basked with their backs awash or raised their heads to snap at flies, and all about them hung a dark and fetid slime.

A troop of thin, brown Arab girls filled their tall amphorae whilst washing in the pond. Placing his bowl of fish upon a jutting rock, the messenger drew near. "Gazelles," he said, "will one of you give me fresh water for the Sultan's golden fish?"

Laughing and giggling, the girls drew near, looked at the bowl, had never seen such fish. "Allah is great; why do you not let them go in the pond and play a little with their brothers?"

And Amarabat with a shiver answered, "Play! Let them play! And if they come not back my life will answer for it."

Fear fell upon the girls, and one advancing, holding the skirt of her long shift between her teeth to veil her face, poured water from her amphora upon the fish.

Then Amarabat, setting down his precious bowl, drew from his wallet a pomegranate and began to eat, and for a farthing buying a piece of bread from the women, was satisfied, and after smoking, slept, and dreamed he was approaching Taflet; he saw the palm-trees rising from the sand; the gardens; all the oasis stretching beyond his sight; at the edge the Sultan's camp, a town of canvas, with the horses, camels, and the mules picketed, all in rows, and in the midst of the great "duar" the Sultan's tent, like a great palace all of canvas, shining in the sun. All this he saw, and saw himself entering the camp, delivering up his fish, perhaps admitted to the sacred tent, or at least paid by a vizier, as one who has performed his

duty well. The slow match blistering his foot, he woke to find himself alone, the "gazelles" departed, and the sun shining on the bowl, making the fish appear more magical, more wondrous, brighter and more golden than before.

And so he took his way along the winding Atlas paths, and slept at Demnats, then, entering the mountains, met long trains of travelers going to the south. Passing through groves of chestnuts, walnut-trees, and hedges thick with blackberries and travelers' joy, he climbed through vineyards rich with black Atlas grapes, and passed the flat mud-built Berber villages nestling against the rocks. Eagles flew by and moufflons gazed at him from the peaks, and from the thickets of lentiscus and dwarf arbutus wild boars appeared, grunted, and slowly walked across the path, and still he climbed, the icy wind from off the snow chilling him in his cotton shirt, for his warm Tadla haik was long ago wrapped round the bowl to shield the precious fish.

Crossing the Wad Ghadat, the current to his chin, his bowl of fish held in one hand, he struggled on. The Berber tribesmen at Tetsula and Zarkten, hard-featured, shaved but for a chin-tuft, and robed in their "achnifs" with the curious eye woven in the skirt, saw he was a "rekass," or thought the fish not worth their notice, so gave him a free road. Night caught him at the stone-built, antediluvian-looking Kasbah of the Glaui, perched in the eye of the pass, with the small plain of Teluet two thousand feet below. Off the high snow-peaks came a whistling wind, water froze solid in all the pots and pans, earthenware jars and bottles throughout the castle, save in the bowl which Amarabat, shivering and miserable, wrapped in his haik and held close to the embers, hearing the muezzin at each call to prayers; praying himself to keep awake so that his fish might live. Dawn saw him on the trail, the bowl wrapped in a woollen rag, and the fish fed with bread-crumbs, but himself hungry and his head swimming with want of sleep, with smoking "kief," and with the bitter wind which from El Tisi N'Glaui flagellates the road.

Right through the valley of Teluet he still kept on, and day and night still trotting, trotting on, changing his bowl almost instinctively from hand to hand, a broad leaf floating on the top to keep the water still, he left Agurza, with its twin castles, Ghresat and Dads, behind. Then rapidly descending, in a day reached an oasis between Todghra and Ferkla, and rested at a village for the night. Sheltered by palm-trees and hedged round with cactuses and aloes, either to keep out thieves or as a symbol of the thorniness of life, the village lay, looking back on the white Atlas gaunt and mysterious, and on the other side towards the brown Sahara, land of the palm-tree (Baled-el-Jerid), the refuge of the true Ishmaelite; for in the desert, learning, good faith, and hospitality can still be found—at least, so Arabs say.

Orange and azofaifa trees, with almonds, sweet limes and walnuts, stood up against the waning light, outlined in the clear atmosphere almost so sharply as to wound the eye. Around the well goats and sheep lay, whilst a girl led a camel round the Noria track; women sat here and there and gossiped, with their tall earthenware jars stuck by the point into the ground, and waited for their turn, just as they did in the old times, so far removed from us, but which in Arab life is but as yesterday, when Jacob cheated Esau, and the whole scheme of Arab life was photographed for us by the writers of the Pentateuch. In fact, the self-same scene which has been acted every evening for two thousand years throughout North Africa, since the adventurous ancestors of the tribesmen of to-day left Hadrumut or Yemen, and upon which Allah looks down approvingly, as recognizing that the traditions of his first recorded life have been well kept.

Next day he trotted through the barren plain of Seddat, the Jibel Saghra making a black line

on the horizon to the south. Here Berber tribes sweep in their *razzias* like hawks; but who would plunder a *rekass* carrying a bowl of fish? Crossing the dreary plain and dreaming of his entry into Taflet, which now was almost in his reach not two days distant, the sun beating on his head, the water almost boiling in the bowl, hungry and footsore, and in the state betwixt waking and sleep into which those who smoke hemp on journeys often get, he branched away upon a trail leading towards the south.

Between the oases of Todghra and Ferkla, nothing but stone and sand, black stones on yellow sand; sand, and yet more sand, and then again stretches of blackish rocks with a suddra bush or two, and here and there a colocynth, bitter and beautiful as love or life, smiling up at the traveler from amongst the stones. Towards mid-day the path led towards a sandy tract all overgrown with sandrac bushes and crossed by trails of jackals and hyenas, then it quite disappeared, and Amarabat waking from his dream saw he was lost.

Like a good shepherd, his first thought was for his fish; for he imagined the last few hours of sun had made them faint, and one of them looked heavy and swam sideways, and the rest kept rising to the surface in an uneasy way. Not for a moment was Amarabat frightened, but looked about for some known landmark, and finding none started to go back on his trail. But to his horror the wind which always sweeps across the Sahara had covered up his tracks, and on the stony paths which he had passed his feet had left no prints.

Then Amarabat, the first moments of despair passed by, took a long look at the horizon, tightened his belt, pulled up his slipper heels, covered his precious bowl with a corner of his robe, and started doggedly back upon the road he thought he traversed on the deceitful path. How long he trotted, what he endured, whether the fish died first, or if he drank, or, faithful to the last, thirsting met death, no one can say. Most likely wandering in the waste of sandhills and of suddra bushes he stumbled on, smoking his hashish while it lasted, turning to Mecca at the time of prayer, and trotting on more feebly (for he was born to run), till he sat down beneath the sun-dried bushes where the Shinghiti on his Mehari found him dead beside the trail. Under a stunted sandarac tree, the head turned to the east, his body lay, swollen and distorted by the pangs of thirst, the tongue protruding rough as a parrot's, and beside him lay the seven golden fish, once bright and shining as the pure gold when the goldsmith pours it molten from his pot, but now turned black and bloated, stiff, dry, and dead.

Life the mysterious, the mocking, the inscrutable, unseizable, the uncomprehended essence of nothing and of everything, had fled, both from the faithful messenger and from his fish. But the Khalifa's parting caution had been well obeyed, for by the tree, unbroken, the crystal bowl still glistened beautiful as gold, in the fierce rays of the Saharan sun.

♦♦♦♦

Socrates

By John L. Hervey

HOW oft I posed some seeming paradox
A specious syllogism to confute;
Confounding utterly and rendering mute,
By the quick question that evasion mocks,
The shallow sophist, like a foolish fox
In his own snare ensnared. . . . The absolute
Unanswerable truth, beyond dispute,
That all the evils from Pandora's box
Loosed upon man his ruin to procure,
By vengeful deities, transmutes to good!—
That truth I taught.

Yet—did I teach the Truth?
Press not the question. I am only sure,
Condemned for the corruption of the youth,
The hemlock froze the current of my blood.

Letters From the People

Patterns in Criticism

Boston, Mass., Jan. 26, 1916.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

In a recent number of the MIRROR, Mr. John L. Hervey, criticising the poetry of Miss Amy Lowell, attempts to compare and contrast her with Yone Noguchi, Heine, Balzac, Mlle. de Maupin, Mlle. de Scudery and Delphine Gay. Mr. Hervey must know as well as I, that however enticing such displays of strange erudition may be, they can have little value as criticism. In a sentence which Mr. Hervey himself quotes at the end of his article, Sainte-Beuve has condemned writers with fine phrases, and orators with fine discourses. Mr. Hervey seems almost incapable of writing about any author's qualities and defects without dragging in a whole stock of such phrases and discourses, merely to show how much he has read and derived from others. In this I shall not follow him. It is my intention to disentangle from this bewildering context the definite charges he brings against Miss Lowell's poetry and, more particularly, her poem, "Patterns," and to examine them in detail.

Mr. Hervey's main contention is that Miss Lowell's work is artificial. This he supports by pointing out the fact that Miss Lowell has herself, in her preface to "Sword-Blades and Poppy-Seed," been at some pains to declare that mastery of technique is just as necessary to a poet as it is to a painter, sculptor, musician, or cabinet-maker. But this is not all. Miss Lowell has gone even further, and in her "Six French Poets" has attempted to analyze the technique of certain French poets and to explain the effects that are to be obtained out of certain forms. The fact that any poet should seek to understand his medium irritates Mr. Hervey: and he promptly declares that Miss Lowell's work is thereby factitious, clever carpentry, without inspiration, over-intellectualized and "precious." He attempts to analyze her poem, "Patterns," and he declares that it does not move him, that it is a mere empty pattern of sounds.

In reply to this, let me first point out that Miss Lowell has nowhere said that good poetry can be written by slavishly following certain rules. All she has said is, that poets need to understand the laws of technique, and that many a poet of promise might learn to write better by acquiring a mastery of these laws. Is this—I put it to Mr. Hervey—is this "explaining poetry?" No. It does not explain poetry any more than to say that two molecules of hydrogen, if combined with one molecule of oxygen, will produce water. The product, in either case, has qualities inherent to itself and quite different from the materials which went into its composition. Mr. Noguchi, of whom Mr. Hervey thinks so highly, has been at pains to explain, for his part, the Japanese "hokku" technique, which is based on a verbal pattern far more strictly limited than anything Miss Lowell has attempted. But Mr. Noguchi does not say that everyone using the "hokku" patterns will produce good poetry. Neither does Miss Lowell say this of her forms. Hence all her analysis of

technique leaves the value of her work, as poetry, untouched. It must be judged for its own intrinsic beauty.

Mr. Hervey makes an attempt to do this by an analysis of the poem which Mr. Braithwaite has selected as the best poem of the year 1915. In this poem, Miss Lowell tells the story of an imaginary English lady whose lover is killed fighting for the Duke—doubtless Marlborough—in Flanders. The period is, therefore, the early eighteenth century, the scene the garden of a manor house in spring, and the whole story is itself spoken as a monologue by the lady herself, who, true to the traditions of good breeding, seeks in solitary self-communion, some consolation for a loss which is irreparable.

Now Mr. Hervey objects to this lady wearing the fashions of the period. He objects to her walking up and down. He objects to her not obtaining another garden—as if that would cure her! He objects to her human desire to have her lover possess her. Here his undigested reading again irritates him, and

he is forced to reveal that he is still pricked by rueful memories of "Madoiselle de Maupin." He objects to the lady staying in the garden. Why should she not walk out on the high-road, he asks, and find cavaliers ready to accommodate her mood and help her "break the pattern" if her will should so prompt? I should suggest that Mr. Hervey's acquaintance with feminine psychology seems to be, to say the least, unfortunately limited to a single not very interesting or exalted type—Madoiselle de Maupin, again!

Mr. Hervey calls this poem artificial and "precious," presumably because the lady reveals nothing of the state of her feelings to anyone but herself, as in private examination of her own soul she walks the garden. But this is no more artificial than, to take a convenient example, the monologue of a certain bishop of St. Praxed's, with which I hope Mr. Hervey is familiar. Would an Italian bishop on his death-bed, with servants standing by, ask his son to make sure that there was represented

on his tomb a satyr pulling off a nymph's last garment? Would he, in the pangs of dissolution, go on expatiating about this tomb to the tune of two hundred lines of English blank verse? No, no, Mr. Hervey. If the English lady is merely Mlle. de Maupin fluttering her ribbons at the opera, the bishop can be nothing else but Talma—Talma himself, ranting and strutting on the stage.

The trouble with Mr. Hervey is that he has read Miss Lowell's preface and her "Six French Poets" and supposes that these were written before her poems, and that when she sits down to write, she says to herself: "I will take certain words, phrases, and a certain arrangement of sound and make a poem of them." Instead of that, as anyone can see who has read her work fully, what Miss Lowell does is to say: "Here is a subject for a poem. How can I treat it to the best effect?" Miss Lowell is a pioneer and explorer of new forms to fit her thought. A poet who sits down merely to create an effect of

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verbal arrangement, would doubtless write nothing but Popian couplets, sonnets, ballades, rondeaus, pantoums and acrostics. Does Mr. Hervey dare say that Miss Lowell has not attempted new forms? As for the difference between the French language and ours, it seems extraordinary to find Mr. Hervey insisting upon technical differences when his whole article is a protest against technique, against "fine verses." This is illogical, to say the least. Even more illogical is the view Mr. Hervey takes of our race by calling it Anglo-Saxon. Americans an Anglo-Saxon people! This passes comment.

All that Miss Lowell has explained of her method of working, she has done in order to assist poets and others to a clearer understanding of that fundamental necessity of all art: adequate and significant form. She has striven to smooth the path of poets to come by causing others to understand that the creation of a work of art is an arduous labor, demanding great sacrifices of self, and that artists in general should be therefore honored and respected. When I see the attitude of a man like Mr. Hervey to such works as Miss Lowell's "Patterns," I am strongly reminded of another occasion when a great American artist faced a jury of twelve Englishmen to defend himself from the charge of fraudulently deceiving the public. This artist, on being asked what was represented in a certain "Nocturne," whether there was a bridge, a boat, and some people there or not, declared, "All I intended was a certain arrangement of colors." That painting now hangs on the walls of the National Gallery of British Art, and the name affixed thereto is Whistler. Just so will another "arrangement," a "pattern," stand permanently on the shelves of poetry lovers, and the name they will read at the bottom of the printed page will be that of Amy Lowell.

JOHN GOULD FLETCHER.

Bolton Hall Speaks Out

33, East 61st street,
New York City, N. Y., Jan. 26, 1916.
Editor of *Reedy's Mirror*:

The question of "Preparedness" is the most important one now before the public, and it behooves us to be right on it.

I have not myself made up my mind, and would like, as doubtless would many readers, to have these doubts resolved.

There is no doubt in my mind that most people like to fight; but the danger is not from "the people," but from the military bureaucracies or autocracies. Consider; whether Germany be defeated or gains a stand-off, some nations will shortly be immensely in our debt. What more natural as a means of recouping lost prestige and meeting national debts than to "intervene" in Mexico or some South American state, on the pretense of concessions abrogated, interest unpaid, or citizens or property injured or imperilled.

Then as a security or indemnity to establish a foothold in Mexico, perhaps, and to accumulate a force of men and munitions there. We should then have to resign our Monroe Doctrine,

leaving the way open for a military establishment of unlimited size on our border, or else to fight.

If we are unable to fight, the temptation to the aristocracy and the unemployed foreign army to find a cause of war, repudiate the debts of the U. S., and seize the Gulf ports would be great.

Sometimes the peaceable one is forced to fight. I entirely appreciate the foolishness of fight; but it seems to me that in the presence of unscrupulous militarism and "frightfulness" one must make his choice between "Preparedness" to do whatever may be demanded, or preparedness to resist.

Any nation, in the flush of "patriotism," might be led into such aggression by its ruling class, or even tricked into it, as France was in 1870.

This question is not answered by showing, truly enough, that our arming will open a competition with us (which already exists with many others) for more armaments.

Of course, disarmament is the ideal—but are we reasonably likely to get it? I think not. Anyway, the risk is great. Perhaps we would be wiser to take it,

but not while persuading ourselves that there is no risk.

BOLTON HALL.

A Tribute to F. H. C.

St. Louis, Jan. 29, 1916.

Editor of *Reedy's Mirror*:

I call your attention to something that should not be overlooked—the gastronomic, gourmetic, culinary, gustatory enthusiasm, not to say fury, that characterizes the "colyum" headed "Echoes of the Streets" in the daily *Globe-Democrat*, signed "F. H. C."—Frank H. Collier.

Never a day without from one to six paragraphs "touchin' on an' appertainin' to" edibles or potables—something good to eat or drink. Why, it's like reading Dickens—"the master of those who know" with regard to eupepsy. None of the fancy stuffs of France for F. H. C. He for the food of our fathers—the food our mothers used to fix. He is "right there" with a comment witty or wise, grave or gay, lively or severe, the day a new fruit comes in or a new vegetable. He is a calendar of the sequence of the fresh pies. He is first to speak of the bitter-skinned turnip,

the pithy radish, the too fibrous asparagus. Brillat-Savarin has nothing on F. H. C. Nor Anacreon nor Omar so valiantly could defend the cup against the Prohibitionists and sumptuarians. Fine scorn his for the dietarians, the fanatics of feeding.

There's a glorious catholicity of appreciation in his dealing with his many-faceted subject. But one thing has he overlooked: fried cabbage and potatoes for breakfast; the cabbage boiled the night before, drained of its water under a weight, cooled in a flat dish, cut in strips and put in a pan with potatoes and all mixed up as it fries. Umh-ha! Talk about ambrosia! Likewise, he ignores fried mush in crisp, thin slices well buttered, hot. But even Homer nods.

I ask the *MIRROR* to recognize F. H. C. If one has dyspepsia one has but to read "Echoes of the Streets" and he has the effect of a meal. What a boon he is to fellows who must eat at restaurants and are ever at a loss what to order. F. H. C. gives you each morning a "one best bet" for the day.

I think the indigestionists of the Middle West should do something for F. H. C. How would it do if we con-



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tributed each a penny to buy him the most literary and artistic cook book ever composed—yes, composed; for it is a lyric book, it is an opus to be rendered into masticatory music. I refer to "The Small Family Cook Book," by Mary Denson Pretlow, a St. Louis woman. We could get Fred Lehmann or W. K. Bixby or John H. Gundlach or Robert Mosby Burton to see that it is properly bound by Zaehnsdorf or Zahn or Cobden Sanderson in the highest style of that art. Even we might have it decorated like an antique missal or a Book of Hours of the thirteenth century by that exquisite illuminator, Mr. Louis Albert Lamb. Then let it be presented to F. H. C. in the Coliseum, some evening, before an assembled multitude, with a speech by Chester Harding Krum, chief of all salad-makers, even as Francois Villon is "prince of all ballad-makers." Let Kroeger write and Homer Moore sing a song for the occasion—an eating song, egad sir, for there are thousands of drinking songs and not one song of "eats." While we are at it we might get from Miss Pretlow's publishers, (McBride, Nash & Co., New York) the original manuscript of her book and the original drawings of the decorations provided for the volume by Charles Guischard and Rhoda Campbell Chase.

Let us honor both F. H. C. and Miss Pretlow for what they have done and are doing for the fine art of eating. Let "Art for Eats' sake" be our slogan, or, if you will, "Eats for Art's sake." I'll cough a copper to start the fund for the testimonial. Come all ye uplifters of this burg—Luther Ely Smith, Percival Chubb, James G. Butler, Roger Baldwin, *et al.*, and "do something." And the Early Eatruscans of the Artists' Guild, are they with me?

DEIPNOSOPHER.

Seeking New Things

Washington, D. C., Jan. 24, 1916.
Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

In reviewing a new musical work recently presented by the New York Philharmonic Orchestra, the critic of the *New York Times* made a remark that struck me with great force. It was this: "It is well-made and interesting music and well worth hearing, especially for those who do not subscribe to the idea that a new work must be either epoch-making or valueless."

Does not that remark exactly picture the condition of art and literature of the present day and the attitude of the public toward them? If a new work is not epoch-making it must be valueless! That is the attitude the public now assumes toward every new piece of music, every new picture, every new poem or novel with the result that composers, artists and writers for the most part are striving to meet this demand.

It was said of the old Greeks that they were "constantly seeking something new." The old Greeks were plodders as compared with modern Americans. In this high-speed age of ours, startling developments of mechanics, physics and chemistry follow each other with such rapidity that we are literally fed on sensation. The novelty of yesterday is the commonplace of to-day. We have not only grown to expect nov-

elties, we demand them. We long ago abandoned old-fashioned bread and meat as dietary articles and now live exclusively on spices. The demand is constantly for the odd, the unusual, the novel. To receive any consideration a thing must be "different." The quickest way to secure public consideration and acclaim is to be grotesque. It is only necessary to announce or exhibit something startlingly absurd to become the herald of a "Cult." Hence we have Impressionists, Realists, Cubists and Futurists in all the arts. Each new "Cult" flourishes until the next "new" one comes along, and that will be the day after to-morrow. What a commentary on modern taste, modern sanity! Isn't it pitiable? Truly we are in a topsy-turvy age. *O tempora! O mores!*

E. C. POTTER.

In-Ner Seal Drama

By Otto Heller

With real concern I read your recent forceful arraignment of our city on the score of its notorious neglect of the theater. The situation, which, with you I greatly deplore, is all the more remarkable in view of the efflorescence into which the public interest in matters dramatic has of late undeniably burst forth. In multifarious clubs and circles plays are being read, studied, acted. The theoretical and experimental ardor of literary and artistic sets, however, in its effect upon the cultivation of the theater, proves sterile or abortive.

The chronic impeachment of the "movies" as the principal seat of the trouble deserves a vigorous *démenti*. The picture show is not a direct competitor of the theater any more than is the dance hall or the skating rink. Its inexpensiveness, to be sure, makes, to a very large number of people, *real* drama an acceptable surrogate for real drama. Yet there have been instances where a "picturization" like "The Birth of a Nation"—almost wholly unrelated

to dramatic art proper and extremely crude and incomplete as an example of its own *genre*—crowded the house week after week at the same prices as are usually charged for high-class drama at the best houses, the while an exceptionally good company of players was performing before a corporal's guard. We are prone to forget that, normally, the lower forms of popular amusement, far from displacing and supplanting the higher, tend by their upward evolution to raise the general level of artistic appreciation. Experience in the cities of continental Europe, where the theater is properly cared for, goes amply to show that the "movies" do not interfere with the prosperity of the playhouses; they are more apt to usurp to a certain extent the place of the Dime Museum, the Wax Works, and the Music Hall. While it is true that by exploiting the talents and popularity of well-known actors they afford to the mass of the people a cheap opportunity of *seeing* the Stars, this opportunity, far from fully satisfying them is sure to arouse a desire to *hear* as well as see the real, live personalities in whom their interest has been tantalizingly awakened. The relation of the movies to the stage, in this aspect, is strangely analogous (with the functions of seeing and hearing reversed) to that between musical automata, like the phonograph and the pianola, and the creative personal performance. On the whole, at any rate, the general capacity for artistic enjoyment is decidedly on the increase.

Incidentally, due account should be taken of a lamentable local condition that militates against theater attendance in our city. I mean the unfavorable location of our few remaining playhouses, their unattractiveness, and, in particular, their unsafeness. Not one of our theaters is pronounced by insurance experts a "first-class risk." The existing municipal ordinances are wretchedly inadequate. Civic endeavors to remedy this crying evil are regularly thwart-

ed by corrupt selfishness and equally criminal indifference.

But there is one unheeded factor which, for the time being, is working harshly against the success of the theater, namely—amateur competition. In this town, the dilettante playwright, the dilettante actor, and the dilettante "student of the drama" are verily on the rampage. By dilettante, in this connection, I mean a person who takes a peculiar delight (*diletto*) in *fussing* with things which he (or *she*) cannot *do*. This is not meant as a stab at anyone in particular, nor at any one group, nor at this or that amateur organization. I only wish to direct attention to the fact that this city has a surfeit of persons so absorbed in dramatic aspirations and activities of their own that they simply haven't the time to go to the theater even at the long intervals when there is something worth seeing. Witness the full houses at nearly all amateur performances and on the other hand the gaping vacancy at the best professional presentations. No use disguising the plain fact that dilettantism is usurping the place of serious and vital dramaturgy.

It is, therefore, from a class of its professedly devoted friends that the theater may well pray to be delivered. The theater surely cannot be expected to flourish when a majority of those especially interested in its offerings are kept away by their imaginary obligation to write plays, study rôles, and attend two or three "readings" or amateur performances a week throughout the season.

Somehow or other we have worked ourselves into a frame of mind as though the preoccupation with dramatic affairs of any sort (but always on a minor scale) were our chief duty to the age. In a gentle dalliance with this one form of art we appear to perceive a prime lever of national and international uplift. And it seems to escape the discernment of the adepts and their *entourage* that in the last

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analysis this drama craze is not an artistic, but merely a "social" phenomenon. Under the law of variety which reigns supreme in the domain of fads and games, home-made drama is our latest diversion.

Again, I would emphatically disavow any intentional disparagement of amateur exertions within their proper sphere and limits. I recognize unstintingly the artistic merits of several local dramatic organizations, and the high order of ability of a few local authors in different fields of the drama. Also, I am compelled to admit unreservedly the right of all freeborn individuals, whether dramatically and dramaturgically gifted or not, to indulge in drama as their favorite indoor sport, if they choose to do so. What, in my capacity as an humble lover of drama and the theater, I do take objection to is the prevalent confusion between the two categories of endeavor, because through this confusion the most important concern is relegated to a worse than secondary place.

Like many other pedestrians, I sometimes fall into the habit, on lonely walks, of propelling ahead of me at the point of my boot or my walking-stick, a pebble, or a tin can, or some other similarly dead and defenseless object. Once I succeeded in kicking a stray potato by easy stages the full length of the Catlin tract. Yet it has never occurred to me to rank myself as a golfer, because of that achievement.

Now when a group of people come together once or twice a week for the purpose of reading or "performing" the latest "dramatic" product of one of their own number, there is no fault to be found. And if they dispense with any scenic elaboration, from a conscientious conviction that a bath-room or a kitchen sink are the most suitable environment for their make-believe, so much the cheaper and the better. By all means let the good people have their fun. It's as good a parlor game as any other, and whoever first introduced it is entitled to as much credit as the inventor of ping-pong or the discoverer of tiddle-diwinks. Only do not let them imagine for a moment that they are furthering the cause of drama or the theater by a single inch.

There is a dangerous fallacy spreading through this community, that the salvation of good drama and regeneration of the theater depend on some esoteric hierophancy, and that only a few at a time can be chosen to be let into the den of mysteries. Perhaps this is the reason why these charmed dramatic circles derive their names by preference from objects rather conspicuously diminutive. From "Little Theaters" and "Toy Theaters" and "Band Boxes" we are now coming to the "Suit Case," the "Reticule," the "Vest Pocket," the "Vanity Box," "Postage Stamp," "Beauty Patch" and what not. Thus the contrary Goethean maxim is pusillanimously perverted into the contagious sentiment:

*Then, since the Big we cannot do,
Just let us try the Little.*

In order to subserve the cause of good drama—and that is the cause of a good theater—in a whole-souled and efficacious fashion, we should study, above all other things, ways and means of encouraging and supporting the reg-

ular, professional dramatic enterprises of a large and worthy stamp. This is the task which the Drama League of America has set for itself. This national organization will hold its sixth annual convention next April, in St. Louis. The local Center of the Drama League numbers less than six hundred members, whereas in the other large cities the membership runs into the thousands. For the annual dues of \$1, much more than an equivalent is returned in the way of entertainments, lectures and printed literature. There is no reason to doubt that if the St. Louis Center of the Drama League could enroll two thousand members, its influence would be sufficient to have this city restored to its former position on the theatrical map, which has been forfeited through a lack of organized co-operation. To join the League the only necessary formality is to send name and address to its Secretary-Treasurer, Mr. Melville Burke, Yeatman High School. PASS CHRISTIAN, MISS., Jan. 28.

♦♦♦

A Sword of France

By Harry B. Kennon

Paul Delcroix has received a letter from his mother in Paris, along with another and more official document from the republic, which his mother's letter endorses. For the last eighteen months he has been awaiting just such letters. He has thrown up his job.

I am quite positive that the idea of not responding to the call to arms, that he knew must come, has never entered "Del's" head, though he has had little to say about the events of the European war, that being a subject of discussion which bears the very powerful, if unwritten, instruction, *Verboten*, handed down from above to the employees of the great commercial house where he held down his job, and where I have come in contact with him daily during the past three years. This morning, the last morning of the old year, he came in to our department to bid me good-bye.

From the moment of his having appeared among us, young Delcroix has been a marked man. His pleasantly accented good English and native politeness, combined with modest vivacity, would have easily distinguished him in the rather boorish bunch of his fellow-workers; but, I judge what mainly set him apart was his being a Frenchman where sons of his country are so seldom to be found in a working force made up principally of Swedes, Norwegians, Germans, Canadians, Scotchmen, Englishmen and Jews: good Americans, for the most part, whose parents were not American born. Some of them go back to foreign born grandparents—not many; some are frankly adventuring in the United States to get what they can out of the country, and with no more notion of naturalization than of the nebular hypothesis. Love for their own country has little to do with this detachment. As to the human article that we have, rather absurdly, come to consider genuinely American, the descendant of the pioneer puritan and cavalier stock, he is among those present, startlingly present, because of the

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minority that represents him. A little knot of these overheard me wishing Delcroix good luck.

"Goin' out on the road, Del?" asked Simms, whose Yankee aspirations find their limit in salesmanship.

"No," answered Delcroix, "I return to France."

"France," sneered Simms. "Can't you make a living in this country? What in hell you goin' to do in France?"

"It is my country."

"Give up your job, eh?"

"Certainly."

"What you goin' back for—to fight?"

"Del" only smiled in reply.

Simms looked around the group. "Gives up his steady job to fight," he said scornfully, "to fight! Well of all the damned fools!"

"A live coward is better than a dead hero any day," interpreted Schroeder.

"I don't believe in war," butted in Ericsson.

"What you believe—what I believe is of no consequence," responded Delcroix, simply. "There is war. It may come to you."

"See that!" exclaimed Simms, exhibiting a thumb cut off at the knuckle. "That lets me out."

He wagged his deformity. It was rather disgusting.

"Take it from me," said McIntosh of Toronto, "when I want to commit suicide I'll go into the bath room and turn on the gas."

"And leave somebody else to pay the gas bill," giped Max Poznanski, between whom and "Mac" a dollar would gain usury without passing.

"A live coward is better than a dead hero any day," repeated Schroeder.

Delcroix, who had taken his baiting in unconcerned good humor, grasped my hand for a parting shake. He is a little chap and I could feel him stiffen, see a gleam come into his eye at the stupid reiteration. Schroeder seemed to think that he had bitten off a huge chunk of wisdom. He started in again: "A live coward—"

"You just keep on saying that over to yourself, Schroeder," said Delcroix with cutting quietness, "just keep on repeating it to everybody else, also. The label describes the goods. There's nothing like advertising."

He shook my hand and left us.

New Books Received

THE FRINGES OF THE FLEET. By Rudyard Kipling. Garden City, N. Y.: Doubleday-Page; 50c.

A companion volume to "France at War." Kipling's picture of the submarines and destroyers, the trawlers and mine-sweepers and patrols that guard England's coast. There are six new poems—chanties they are—in the book.

SOCIALISM IN AMERICA. By John Macy. Garden City, N. Y.: Doubleday-Page. \$1.00.

Another of the "American Books," being a vigorous and terse exposition of the various brands of present-day socialism and the points of disagreement among them.

EARTH AND NEW EARTH. By Cale Young Rice. Garden City, N. Y.: Doubleday-Page. \$1.25 net.

POEMS.

LIFE AND GABRIELLA. By Ellen Glasgow. Garden City, N. Y.: Doubleday-Page. \$1.35.

An optimistic novel carrying as its theme, "No life is so hard that you can't make it easier by the way you take it." The hopeful aspect of feminism.

THE SOLILOQUY OF A HERMIT. By Theodore Francis Powys. New York and London: G. Arnold Shaw.

A volume of essays for those who are interested in original religious psychology.

TAORMINA. By Ralcy Husted Bell. New York: Hinds, Noble & Eldredge. \$1.25.

History, legend, comments upon life. Pen and word pictures of yesterday and today.

SOUND INVESTING. By Paul Clay. New York: Moody's Magazine & Book Co.

Practical instructions to the uninitiated in the investment of savings in bonds and stocks, setting forth common sense methods of avoiding loss.

A LIFE OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. By Sir Sidney Lee. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$2.00.

A revised and enlarged edition of this standard work, presenting in a just manner all the trustworthy and relevant information about Shakespeare's life and work available at the present time.

JOHN FERGUSON. By St. John G. Ervine. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.00.

A play in four acts by the author of "Mrs. Martin's Man," dealing with simple country folk.

BILLY THE QUILLDRIVER. By William Gaine. New York: John Lane Co. \$1.25.

The descendant of a long line of leather-dressers, upon the advice of a seer, becomes a writer. His adventures are humorously recounted.

FELICITY CROFTON. By Marguerite Bryant. New York: Duffield & Co. \$1.35 net.

A story of human loves and sacrifices dramatically told.

ANTHRACITE. By Scott Nearing. Philadelphia: John C. Winston Co. \$1.00 net.

An exhaustive analysis of the ownership and working of the anthracite coal fields, effectively used as an argument against the private ownership of natural resources.

PAINLESS CHILDBIRTH. By Dr. Carl Henry Davis. Chicago: Forbes & Company. \$1.00.

A consideration of the various methods employed by science in the attempt to secure painless childbirth, with a plea for eutocia through the use of nitrous oxide-oxygen analgesia. Dr. Davis is of the staff of Rush Medical College in affiliation with the University of Chicago, and of the Presbyterian Hospital of Chicago.

THE WRITING ON THE WALL. By Eric Fisher Wood. New York: The Century Co. \$1.00 net.

An examination of the military unpreparedness of the United States and a careful constructive programme of military reform, advocating an adaptation of the Swiss and Australian systems of universal military service.

The World's Greatest Boarding College

President Wilson tried to establish a democracy at Princeton, when he was the chief of that university, and practically failed. He was impelled to the attempt because of the futility of the work of the college in bringing out the best in men, in the face of the existence of cliques which constituted an aristocracy, in effect, and made the undergraduate body indifferent to the prime reason for the presence of its members in college—the achievement of an education, and in contemplating the conditions in most of our great universities, the President was moved to exclaim: "Learning has actually been placed on the defensive in our American universities."

That condition is not so prevalent to-day as it was when Dr. Wilson made the remark and attempted his reforms, but there are many big schools in this country and abroad where snobbishness still obtains—and there are some notable exceptions to the rule which the President deplored. For boys have in them a tendency to snobbishness that is undeniable and that must be gotten out of them if they are to serve the best ends of a college education. In the great public schools of England it is knocked out of them and in some of the great institutions of learning in this country it is destroyed in its incipiency by the organization of the student body on the lines of a republic in which the responsibility of the individual to his fellows and his college is made so clearly apparent that it is accepted with the same earnestness that the duties of citizenship are taken by the right-thinking man. And there is no finer example of school democracy than that which obtains at the great University of Notre Dame.

There, in the splendid environment of a noble foundation, there are something like fifteen hundred boys and young men, all imbued with the one idea of doing what it is fitting to do and doing it well. They have not been preached into this state of mind; they absorb it from the spirit of the school and from the example of their elders. They are inspired by the spirit of emulation which is developed as it is in no other big school in this country and when a Notre Dame student wins to the top of his class, either in learning or athletics, he is bound to be about as good as they make them in his particular line of endeavor. The men who have striven with the elect of Notre Dame on the gridiron, in the forum, the laboratory and in the constructive works of modern life—they know the metal of their rivals and the efficiency that is behind their efforts. It is the Notre Dame spirit that has made her sons big men in the substantial works of modern life, which gives them the smashing vim that has made them to be distinguished in every profession and in every walk of life. That same spirit has sent them out over the world to cross mountains as pioneers or to pierce those same mountains; they have strode to the front in commerce, in the law—in all the arts and sciences.

It is an undefined thing, this Notre

Dame spirit, born, perhaps, of the promptings that inspired the men who made the university the great school that it is. It has had a most astonishing growth in the seventy years of its existence; perhaps, too, the traditions that hover about Notre Dame have had to do with the creation and maintenance of the spirit. Its history is rich in records that tell of heroic exploits undertaken for the welfare of man and a brief review of that history will be worth while for the parent who has a son who must presently be sent to college, or for that same son who may soon be enrolled among the sons of Notre Dame.

History at Notre Dame did not begin with the founding of the university. Two centuries before the founding of the school, Father Marquette had visited the spot and had embarked on the St. Joseph river on that last, sad voyage before his death. Over the very spot where the University stands to-day, the great explorer, De La Salle, wandered when he was lost on his trip down the St. Joseph. Here, more than a century before the university was founded, Father Allouez, famous as a missionary to the Indians, established a mission—inspired, we may believe, with a vision of a later day when that mission would be the site of a mighty seat of learning. Here labored and died Father Deseille, whose remains repose where he served so well, and Father Bodin, the first priest ordained in the United States, labored, teaching the Indians Christianity on the banks of the St. Joseph. He was followed by Father Petit, and under these men, St. Mary's of the Lakes, as Notre Dame was then called, came to be the center of Christian activity for all the great Northwest. When the Pottawatomies, who had their principal village a mile west of where the university now stands, were removed to the reservation near the western boundary of the State of Missouri, Father Petit, whose great influence with the red men made possible their peaceful removal, went with them and the mission was abandoned, and it is worth noting for the information of St. Louisans, that when the missionary was broken in health by the hardships he endured, he strove to return to Notre Dame but was taken ill and died in this city.

To this abandoned Indian mission in the wilderness of Northwestern Indiana, made sacred already by the lives and labors of so many noble spirits, came, in the fall of 1841, another young Frenchman possessed by a wonderful dream—Father Sorin, the founder of Notre Dame. Driving from Vincennes in the bitterness of a winter that has not since been equaled, he came in eleven days to the little log chapel that remained, a souvenir of the mission. It stood in the midst of a ten-acre clearing and here Father Sorin determined to establish the School of Notre Dame. He had with him seven brothers of the Holy Cross order, and he possessed sixty-five dollars in cash, and with this poor endowment he began the work which has prospered so notably.

From this humble beginning has grown the splendid institution of to-day, with its twenty-five beautiful buildings and magnificent campus of 2,000

acres. The growth was not uninterrupted, for in 1854 an epidemic of cholera threatened to wipe out the school, and in 1879 it was destroyed by fire. These vicissitudes stimulated the directors of the school to greater efforts—for that same Notre Dame spirit that has made the graduates of the university notable in the world was ever dominant in the men who directed its fortunes—and the great plant of to-day sprang from the ashes of the conflagration.

The physical plant at Notre Dame is in itself inspiring, and it is set down amidst a scene of extraordinary beauty. The university is situated two miles from South Bend, Ind., on the banks of the St. Joseph and close by there are two charming lakes. The climate, the elevation and the natural surroundings make an ideal location for a great school. Approaching the university from South Bend one proceeds along a broad avenue lined for a half mile with a double row of maples and, through these splendid trees, catches a first glimpse of the buildings in the great golden dome of the main structure, which towers two hundred feet above the campus. Drawing nearer the tall church steeple and the numerous buildings of the various quadrangles come into view. To the west lie the wooded banks of the St. Joseph and beyond is the rolling plain of Portage Prairie. The main campus, with its fountains, statuary, winding walks, flower beds, native and tropical trees and shrubbery, is a triumph of the landscape gardener's art and has been pronounced the second most beautiful college campus in the country.

The twenty-five buildings of the university are of a uniform color and style of architecture and lend added magnificence to the scene. Among these buildings is the new library which is being erected at a cost of a quarter of a million dollars, and the great Church of the Sacred Heart, the interior of which is declared to be the most beautiful in the country. The art accumulations are extensive and make Notre Dame one of the art centers of the continent and among notable features which have helped to spread the fame of Notre Dame might be mentioned the great gymnasium, with its trophies and pictures of former athletic stars; Science Hall, with a vast scientific collection; the Bishops' Memorial Hall; the Catholic Archives of America, the great historical collection and the tomb of O. A. Brownson, the greatest philosopher this country has produced. The local historical memorials are perhaps the greatest inspiration to the student—the old log chapel, which dates back almost three hundred years; the "old college," the first college building erected at Notre Dame; the statue of Father Corby, a former president who played a heroic part in the Civil War; the community cemetery which contains the tombs of Father Sorin, the founder, and all the presidents of the university and other famous men who have been connected with it.

Life at Notre Dame is well regulated and has been worked out with the three-fold object in mind—the mental, moral and physical development of youth. Plain living is the order—and the order

is adhered to. The students arise at 6:30 and lights must be out at ten at night. Cigarettes are banned and the use of intoxicants is absolutely prohibited in the university. The students eat in common and with the members of the faculty and it is a sight worth seeing to look on while fifteen hundred husky and hungry boys do justice to appetites developed under proper conditions. A farm of four thousand acres and a well organized buying system make it possible to provide an excellent and varied bill of fare at minimum cost.

As might be expected in an institution that holds so eminent a place in the world of learning its faculty includes many notable specialists among its hundred members. They are authorities in their branches of learning in this country and are worthy coadjutors of the president, the Rev. John Cavanaugh, C. S. C., D. D., one of the great men of the educational world, under whose direction Notre Dame has been brought to its present eminence.

The university includes five colleges: arts and letters, science, engineering, architecture and law. There are courses in letters, arts, music, the classics, history, philosophy, economics, commerce, journalism, biology, bacteriology, chemistry, pharmacy and civil, electrical, mechanical, mining, chemical and architectural engineering.

And this broad field of learning—covering the entire range of modern education—is cultivated under the direction of specialists in the teaching profession, for Notre Dame is at once thorough and practical in its system. The courses have been evolved as the result of long experience and planned by men whose business in life it is to open the minds of boys and young men and build them up in knowledge that may be applied to the ordinary problems of life. A diploma from Notre Dame in any of the branches taught is an open sesame for the young man who is going out into the world to work out his career, for in the learned professions, as in business life generally, those to whom it is given to take in recruits know that the diploma has been earned in fact; that it stands as evidence that the holder has certain acquirements which he has demonstrated to the satisfaction of exacting professors—that it is not a mere scrap of paper.

The courses are laid out with particular regard to the conservation of time, but nothing is passed over lightly, nothing neglected in anticipating the needs of every condition of youth. And this without providing for the forcing process that so often goes to make the acquirements of the college boy superficial. It is this quality of thoroughness that stands out so conspicuously in the work of the college that has made it possible for men who have come out of Notre Dame to attain to places of distinction in the world.

Although the sons of this opulent fostering mother have distinguished themselves in many fields and are leaders in many vocations, the members of the college point with especial pride to its law school and the comparatively new school of journalism—which is the objective of so many young men. The law school is presided over by Col.

William Hoynes, A. M., LL. D.; the school of journalism is but three years old, but it was amply endowed by a gift of fifty thousand dollars from Max Pam, of Chicago, and the practicality of its conduct is indicated by the fact that James Keeley, of the Chicago *Herald*, who is esteemed one of the great newspaper men of the world, is the honorary dean. The department of business and commerce, recently founded, is established on those broad and sensible lines that characterize all the work at the university and the course is being taken by a very large number of the pupils.

The fame of Notre Dame in the field of athletics has not been won at the expense of any other branch of learning. Great honors have been gathered in the world of learning by the very same men who helped to establish the athletic eminence of the university. In twenty years the university has not lost more than a half dozen oratorical contests.

As to that Notre Dame spirit to which reference was made, it is common to all ages and conditions; it is exhibited by the president in his association with the students in every aspect of college life; it is inculcated in the little chap in St. Edward's Hall, where boys under thirteen are cared for, and it attains its greatest development among the middle-aged men who are finishing post-graduate courses at the university. The school offers every facility for the education of the boy, taking him in for the primary work at St. Edward's, sending him through the "Prep" school at Carroll Hall and so on into the university. The students, of whatever age, have the surroundings and inspiration of a great university and, they are carefully directed but are not burdened with supervision, for they soon become infected with the honorable traditions of the school and live up to them.

A career at Notre Dame is about the best thing that can be given to any boy, an asset of indestructible value. The university turns out men complete, not mere learned freaks in ill-nourished and undeveloped bodies.

And in the course of its history, Notre Dame has not turned out a single molly-coddle.

Modest

The only unoccupied room in the hotel—one with a private bath in connection with it—was given to the stranger from Kansas. Next morning the clerk was approached by the guest when he was ready to check out. "Well, did you have a good night's rest?" the clerk asked. "No, I didn't," replied the Kansan. "The room was all right, and the bed was pretty good, but I couldn't sleep very much, for I was afraid some one would want to take a bath, and the only door to it was through my room"

Appropriate

A young lady entered a book store and inquired of the old gentlemanly clerk—a married man, by the way—if he had a book suitable for an old gentleman who had been married fifty years. Without the least hesitation the clerk reached for a copy of Parkman's "A Half-Century of Conflict."

New Books

By Alma Meyer

"High Lights of the French Revolution," by Hilaire Belloc. New York: The Century Co., \$3.00 net.

If school text books were written in this engaging fashion, then would history surely become the favorite study of all pupils. Not a jumble of dry dates, nor an account of the various scientific movements of opposing armies, nor the chronology of battles won and lost; instead, the pivotal incidents of a period dramatically presented, vivid with the personality of the chief characters of the time. The secret midnight council of the royal family with Necker and Talleyrand; the flight to Varennes; the storming of the Tuileries; the execution of Louis XVI; LaFayette and the fall of the French monarchy—these are the "high lights" of the French revolution, the outstanding events, so minutely described as to make one feel that M. Belloc must have been the "eyewitness." So picturesque and so rich in detail are these accounts that the effect is as striking, as realistic, as one of Shakespeare's plays when interpreted by Sothorn and Marlowe. A prefatory note to each article supplies the connecting facts, and there are numerous full page illustrations from rare old paintings and prints.

"The Treasure," by David Pinski, translated from the Yiddish by Ludwig Lewisohn. New York: B. W. Huebsch, \$1.00.

A four-act drama of the Russian ghetto; comedy it is designated by the author, although the fun has a most bitter sting. Ridiculous situation succeeds ridiculous situation, but mirth is drowned in pity. *Judke*, the imbecile son of the parish grave digger, in burying his dog discovers gold pieces, Imperials. Out of affection for his sister *Tille*, the only person who has ever shown him any kindness, he gives them all to her. The mother, *Jachne-Braine*, a shrewish, hateful old woman, in her attempt to secure the gold for herself, drives *Judke* into one of his spells and he forgets where he buried the dog, thus losing the clue to the treasure. The grave digger, *Chone*, hearing the commotion in his home, leaves his grave-digging to ascertain the cause. *Tille* becomes stubborn over the selfish attitude of *Chone* and *Jachne-Braine* and steals away to spend the greater portion of the money for fine clothes and jewelry. This advertises the treasure to the community and like wildfire spreads the rumor that the grave digger has suddenly become a millionaire. Then come the Society for Providing Dowries for Poor Maidens, the Society for the Care of the Sick, the Fraternal Burial Society, the president of the congregation, *Soskin*—who formerly owned the ground on which the treasure was found, all claiming—demanding—a share of the millions. Also comes a marriage-broker offering to provide a husband for *Tille* in consideration of a suitable dowry. Poor *Chone*, whose sole connection with the fabulous fortune has been a bare glimpse of five of the Imperials which *Tille* gave *Jachne-Baine* as a sort of peace offering, and to whom come all these importunate seekers, is driven almost frantic. Finally *Tille* ad-

mits that only a small treasure was taken, that the remainder lies buried in the graveyard; then all the villagers leave their work and set about searching for it, bending their backs half the day and all the night until almost dead from exhaustion. Suddenly *Judke* remembers, and after a bit of horse play to be expected from an idiot, leads them to the spot and four more Imperials are found, which, according to agreement, are divided equally between *Chone* and the congregation.

Through all the sordid cupidity evidenced by the grave digger's family and the rest of the villagers, *Tille* stands out, among them, not of them. She makes puppets of them all, holds herself aloof and laughs. She grasps what pleasure or happiness may be within reach and stands ready to pay the cost. Her wit and her gaiety lend the element that robs the drama of its horror.

The play has a distinct atmosphere. It could be nothing but Jewish. It is a forceful play and an acting play. If one of our big producers could be induced to present it by a first-class company it would be universal in its appeal. The thinking would find food for thought: the unthinking would be amused.

"The Trail of the Hawk," by Sinclair Lewis. New York: Harper & Bros., \$1.35.

The ambition and energy of youth, *wanderlust*—the great American spirit of unrest, simplicity of style and utter absence of plot combine to make this

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The Comedy Scream—One long, lingering laugh. As presented for two whole seasons at Daly's in New York and at the Criterion in London.

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St. Louis Symphony Orchestra

MAX ZACH, CONDUCTOR

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Friday at 3:00

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Soloist—CLARENCE WHITEHILL

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novel at least different from the general run. Although not in any sense a school story, its claim to distinction lies in the description of Plato College, "as earnest and undistinguished, as provincially dull and pathetically human, as a spinster missionary, . . .

whose students come from the furrows asking for spiritual bread and are given a Greek root." The metamorphosis of the foreigner into the citizen, the ignorant country boy into the presentable cosmopolite, the timid youth into the famous aeronaut is accomplished so easily as to constitute a sockdolager argument against restriction of immigration. In fact, it's almost too easy. The story is out of the ordinary. Anyone must like its rugged, unselfish, unpretentious hero. Indomitable and serene he climbs up and up toward his desires, only to learn that "life's real adventure is not adventuring, but finding the playmate with whom to quest life's meaning."

"Straight Down the Crooked Lane," by Bertha Runkle. New York: The Century Co., \$1.35 net.

In these days of the Russian novel and the problem play the debutantes who pass occasional evenings reading aloud with their most favored admirers in the cozy corner of the dim library—that is, if the modern debutante ever passes an evening in reading, or otherwise than tangoing, cigarette-smoking and cocktailing, as "smart" novelists depict her—will welcome "Straight Down the Crooked Lane," for many reasons. Loyalty is the keynote on which the story is pitched; faith in human nature, self-sacrifice and romantic love are the themes which carry the melody. The scene shifts from fashionable New York to an army post in the Philippines and in both places is life equally alluring, and always is the account fascinating. In giving her readers so interesting and wholesome a bit of fiction, without a "villain," or even one really reprehensible character, and with a diamond mystery that will successfully challenge the prognosticative ability of the most *blasé* novel reader, Miss Runkle has scored high. Superlatives are not out of place in praising this story.

Taking No Chances

"Ain't you rather young to be left in charge of a drug store?"

"Perhaps; what can I do for you?"

"Do your employers know it's dangerous to leave a mere boy like you in charge of such a place?"

"I am competent to serve you, madam."

"Don't you know you might poison some one?"

"There is no danger of that, madam; what can I do for you?"

"Think I had better go to the store down the street."

"I can serve you just as well as they can and as cheaply."

"Well, you may give me a two-cent stamp, but it doesn't look right."—*Toronto Mail and Empire*.

"For \$2 I will foretell your future." "Are you a genuine soothsayer?" "I am." "Then you ought to know that I haven't got \$2."—*Buffalo Courier*.

"Why are you asking me for help? Haven't you any close relatives?" "Yes. That's the reason why I'm appealing to you."—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

Hey, the Spring Bonnet!

In this old city of St. Louis some three or four thousand people labor with brain and hands all the year 'round putting together the rare things that go to make the loveliness which eventually bedecks woman's beauty in the form of millinery. Did you know it? You should. You should also know that lovely woman is made the more lovely through the art that has its home in the millinery district here; that the millinery trade is one of the most important in the commerce of St. Louis and that the fame of the St. Louis milliners has penetrated to all of this country from the beaches of Florida to that far land where the waves of the Pacific wash the shores of California. You should know that the genie of the bonnet and the hat has come to have a residence in St. Louis and that this town is no longer trailing along behind Paris and London—that by virtue of the enterprise of St. Louis artists and merchants we have taken our place in the creative market and the buyers of millinery have come to depend on St. Louis as a source of supply rather than to look to other markets for actual creations in feminine headgear.

For in no other one branch of industry has this city progressed more than as a millinery center. In the country to the east and west and north and south some thousands of milliners have come to look forward to the semi-annual millinery openings in this city as the great events of the year—and one of these displays is now impending. Beginning February 8 and continuing to the 12th, there will be shown in the great wholesale millinery houses of this town the greatest assemblage of those things that go to delight the heart of woman that is to be seen in the world. Paris was, but St. Louis is, in the world of millinery, and it should be a point of pride with St. Louis women to have some share in the reception which the great millinery houses will extend to the milliners of the country. All the big wholesale houses will be open to the public and there will be some eight or ten thousand milliners here—with them it will be at once a matter of business and pleasure, but there is no reason at all why the women of St. Louis should not join the throng—for they may be assured that the instinct of the professional milliner is right in the matter of having a knowledge of what this city has done to provide the world's great millinery market with its furnishing of things good to look at. There is no reason why the women of St. Louis should not know their city and its resources as well as do the milliners from coast to coast. This millinery reception should give the cue to the people concerned in the "Know Your City" movement.

In this spring's display it is very certain that St. Louis will make a new world's record, for many of the most beautiful things that have been and are being assembled will indicate the attainment of that ideal which has grown out of the war and to which many women of fashion have given adherence—that beautiful things in millinery might

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Week Beginning Next Sun. Night,
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H. H. FRAZEE Presents the Laughing Hit of the Century

"A PAIR OF SIXES"

Served at the Rate of Sixty Smiles a Minute, by a Distinguished Cast of Farceurs.

Nights, 25c-\$1.50—No Higher.

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2:15 TWICE DAILY 8:15

HENRY E. DIXEY

In His Mono-Drama Vaud-Ologue

ERWIN & JANE CONNELLY
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Mabel—LEWIS & McCARTHY—Paul
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TWO TOMBOYS

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DESIREE LUBOWSKA
Impressionistic Character Dancer

Mats., 10c to 50c—Eves., 10c to 75c

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Starting Next Sunday Matinee
11 a. m. till 11 p. m.

Thos. H. Ince presents Orrin Johnson and Louise Glaum in

D'ARTAGNAN

The Griffith feature is

"ACQUITTED"

with Wilfred Lucas and Bessie Love.

The new Keystone features will fill out the program.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE 10c-20c

Starting Monday,
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"TICKETS PLEASE"

Musical comedy—a company of 25 pretty girls.

SEYMOUR'S HAPPY FAMILY

Amusing to children.

ZENO AND MANDELL

"The Two Versatilians."

LIBONATTI

A real xylophone artist.

GLADYS VANCE

A clever and charming comedienne.

MAHONEY AND AUBURN

In a juggling specialty.

EARL AND EDWARDS

Comedy, singing and talking.

Animated Weekly and Comedy Pictures

STANDARD

7TH and WALNUT
REAL BURLESQUE

Home of Folly—Two Frolics Daily

PAT WHITE

And His Big Burlesque Co. Special—Marcia, Dancer

Next—CITY SPORTS

and should be composed and made in America. Let it not be assumed that the markets of the old world have been abandoned—nothing of the sort. But the great wholesale houses of St. Louis not only have their representatives and buyers in the fashion centers of the old world—they also have drawn upon Paris and London and Vienna for artists who have found it quite practicable to assemble American materials in beautiful models, in America.

It is evident that the coming millinery show and reception will go far

beyond that of other years in the attendance and in the charm of the things that will be displayed. The wholesale houses are co-operating in the things that have to do with the entertainment of the local and out-of-town people—though in the matter of catering to the trade, each house will stand by itself. And these big houses are really great emporiums. Milliners of St. Louis and the buying milliners from other towns are familiar enough with the spacious and handsome showrooms, the big work and warerooms and with the

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beautiful taste that is displayed in giving fitting setting to the lovely things in which milliners traffic—but the women of St. Louis should know them better—and it wouldn't hurt the men to know them, too.

As the principal factors in supplying a trade worth ten million dollars a year to this city, the wholesale millinery houses are most important commercially to St. Louis, and the men who have created this business have done it without any fuss—though with the aid of feathers here and there. The millinery leaders have actually created a great business; they have done something that carries the fame of St. Louis into the homes of the country and they have done this without making any appeal to the people at home—except when they have stood sponsor for the city with a tremendously effective clientele from out of town.

And now that they have this splendid display of good things to look at practically ready, the people of the city—as well as those from the outside—should interest themselves in it. For the women of St. Louis there will be delectation—even joy—in looking upon the confections of delicate fabric which will presently serve to make lovely woman the more lovely—and the city as a whole should be on the reception committee for the fair contingent that will come as visitors.

Let us halt in our enthusiasm for things that are altogether utilitarian but not beautiful and give some thought to the fact that St. Louis is not wholly addicted to the unlovely in its manufactures. It is a good thing to "Know Your City," but it is a much better thing to know it in its lovelier aspects—such, for instance, as the millinery opening of the wholesalers which brings in millions and also adds much to the beauty and gayety of life.

♦♦♦

Politeness

"I want you to be nice to the Greens to-night." "Now, why do you insist on that? You know I have no use for either of them." "I know, but I've just looked over the guests at this party, and the Greens are the only people here who own a car who go home our way."

—Detroit Free Press.

♦♦♦

Wrong Number

She was a careless girl to put the subscriber on the wrong number. Being in a hurry, the subscriber promptly asked for a box for two. "But we don't have boxes for two," said a startled voice at the other end of the line. "Why, isn't that the theatre?" he inquired. "No," was the reply, "this is Blank's, the undertaker."

♦♦♦

Just as Good

The grocer had just put a new boy to work and among other instructions was this: "If you do not happen to have what a customer asks for, suggest something else as nearly like it as possible." Soon a woman came into the store and asked the boy: "Have you any fresh green stuff to-day?" "No, ma'am," answered the boy, "but we have some nice bluing."

Coming Shows

"Kick In!" Just kick-in on "Kick In" at the Olympic next week, beginning Sunday evening. It's an enthralling play. Here are its elements—some of them. A morphinomaniac, a stolen diamond necklace, detective work, love-interest, bits of comedy, tense moments. The climax comes when the morphine fiend "kicks in." What "kick in" means—ah, that's the play's secret. It's more than a thrill; it's a jolt.

♦

"A Pair of Sixes" is a come back, for a second week at the Shubert, beginning Sunday night. It is probably America's premier farce; a hit everywhere. It is the very exquisitry of the fun, the comedy of business. The headship of a pill business is the stake in a show-down game of poker. What are more American than business and poker? Except the American girl? She's there, in "A Pair of Sixes." But you must see it. Of course, the girl wins. But don't take anybody's word for it. See it!

♦

Grace Van Studdiford, St. Louis' best girl, golden-voiced, beautiful, leads next week's bill at the Columbia in a repertoire of her sweetest songs. Probably you've read about Patience Worth, double personality, etc. If so, and if not, you'll be delighted over Charlotte Parry's "Into the Light," for it's a psychological fantasy of five transformations of character—and form and manner: a negro maid, an Italian, an Irish girl, a Scotch lassie, a nutmeg Yankee and a debutante—in the twinkling of an eye. Herbert Williams and Hilda Wolfus present "Almost a Pianist." Others are: Ray Samuels, the "Blue Streak of Vaudeville"; Walter V. Milton & Co., in "Don't Walk in Your Sleep," a one-act farce by Herbert Warren; Russell Mack and Blanche Vincent, in "Song Sketches at the Piano"; Ben Beyer & Co., in their clever cycling novelty; Miss Brownie Dupont, a living Venus in "The Aurora of Light," an animated statue drama in a gorgeous setting, by Charlesby Soria. The Orpheum Travel Weekly completes the bill.

♦

"Tickets, Please," at the Grand Opera House next week, beginning Monday. A musical comedy success. Twenty-five people in the company, mostly pretty girls. Special two-dollar-show effects, scenic, electrical. Why not? It's by Will M. Hough and Wm. Friedlander who put over such winners as "The Time, the Place and the Girl," "The Night Clerk," "The Golden Girl," "The Four Husbands." Whistly music, snappy dialogues. George Tripp for chief comedian. Seymour's Happy Family, a canine classic for kids old and young, follows. Zeno and Mandell, "The Two Versatilians," are crack entertainers. Libonatti works melodic wonders on the xylophone. Gladys Vance, comedienne, clever and charming, appears in the famous "mirror gown." Mahoney and Auburn, in a juggling specialty; Earl and Edwards, comedy, singing and talking, and new

animated and comedy pictures, round out a big, good show.

♦

The American Theater's programme of first run Triangle pictures for the week commencing next Sunday and continuously daily from 11 a. m. to 11 p. m., leads off with a stupendous Thos. H. Ince production of D'Artagnan, with Orrin Johnson as the musketeer, Louise Glaum and a star cast.

The Griffith contribution is Mary Roberts Rinehart's tragic, rural story, "Acquitted," with Wilfred Lucas, Bessie Love and a strong supporting company. Two brand new Keystone comedies will fill out the programme. There is special music for each picture and every known stage effect is brought into play.

♦

At the Park Theater, next week, the Park Players will present a revival of Margaret Mayo's notable comedy success, "Baby Mine." Marguerite Clark made her big success in the leading rôle in this play. It ran two years in New York. It is one of the few plays that have been good for more than a one week stand in St. Louis. Discriminating theater-goers will remember it for its sparkling charm. Director Price of the Park Players has cast Elsie Hits for the rôle of Zoie, once played by Marguerite Clark. Miss Hits will be remembered for excellent work in "Over Night," "Within the Law" and "Excuse Me." Mitchell Harris, Frances Neilson, William Macauley, Vessie Farrell, Loretto Wells, Henry Hull, Stanley James and Matt Hanley have parts that fit them like the traditional glove. "Baby Mine" should be a big attraction during the coming week.

♦

"Florodora" goes to the Shenandoah next Monday night after a week at the Park, in which the musical comedy demonstrated that it has all the lilt and the catch and the punch it had sixteen years ago. Francis J. Boyle, the new buffo-basso, sang himself into popular favor and revealed no slight comedic talent. Frank Moulan is as funny as only he himself can be. Mabel Wilber and Sarah Edwards add to their distinction by their work in this piece, while Louise Allen, George Natanson and Billie Kemp entrench themselves more strongly in popular affection. The chorus work is particularly fine. The South Side should eat up this "Florodora."

♦

The patrons of the German Theater will be regaled next Sunday evening at the Victoria Theater with the perennially charming comedy, "Im Weissen Roessl" (At the White House Inn). Mme. Vilma Dietrich-von Hohenau will be the artist-guest and star. Mme. von Hohenau will be the hostess of the tavern, while Hans Loebel will be the excruciatingly comic Giesecke. The rain-storm will be given, too. There is no funnier play than this—even in English.

♦♦♦

Caller—How perfectly devoted you are to your husband! Young Wife—Yes, I am trying to pet and spoil him, so that if I die, and he marries again, no other woman can live with him.—New York Times.

**You,
too,
will like
"The
Cleanest
Laundry"**

Colonial
LAUNDRY CO.

Bell, Lindell 1695
Kinloch, Delmar 1144

Our Parcel Post Business Continues
to Grow. We Pay Return Charges.

Schoen's Musical Art Building
Both Phones **Violin Studio**

This Week's Symphonies

Clarence Whitehill, the eminent Wagnerian baritone, who also sings bass, will take the solo part in the Symphony concerts this week, Friday and Saturday, the latter portion of the programme being devoted to excerpts from the works of Richard Wagner. His two numbers with the St. Louis Orchestra will be the monologue of Hans Sachs from "Die Meistersinger," and the finale of "Die Walküre," which is Wotan's Farewell to Brünnhilde, and the Magic Fire music. The Brahms' Symphony No. 3 in F major, probably the least complex of that composer's symphonic works and therefore the most generally appreciated, will be the principal number. One great critic and friend of Brahms calls it the "Eroica," but Clara Schumann christened it "A Forest Idyl," and even invented a "programme" for it. Besides these will be given Mozart's Overture to "Marriage of Figaro" and the "Entrance of the

Gods into Walhalla," from "Das Rheingold."

The "Pop" programme next Sunday afternoon at the Odeon, with Charlotte Peege, contralto, includes: Overture to "Stradella," Flotow; "Le Rouet d'Omphale," Saint-Saens; Aria, "Hellstrahler Tag," from "Odysseus," Bruch; Ballet Suite, "Sylvia," Delibes; Prelude and Les Chasseresses, Intermezzo and Valse lento, Pizzicati, and Cortege de Bacchus. Songs with piano:—"Un verdi praticello senza pianti," Wolf-Ferrari; "Now Sleeps the Crimson Petal," Quilter; "Drei Wanderer," Herrmann; "Dance of the Hours," from "Giacconda," Ponchielli; "Invitation to the Dance," Weber-Berlioz. All bright, pleasing, meritorious music, with a brilliant finale. Charlotte Peege is a rising star of concert, recital oratorio, from Milwaukee. Her aria from the cantata "Odysseus," by Max Bruch, is from a part which she sang recently with great success with the Milwaukee Musical Society.

The Misleading Theatre Ticket

This does not apply to any but a "girl" show.

Expecting to go and enjoy a good show,
You humbly appear at the wicket
Of an opera shop, intending to cop
For your wife and yourself a good ticket.

You go ten days ahead, having frequently read

That this musical show is a corker—
Especially made and 600 nights played
For the ultrafastidious New Yorker.

You get there at nine, and you file into line

And you push and you shove and you bunt,

Until you appear before the cashier,
And ask him for "two, 'way up front."

You spend your last buck, but you're pleased with your luck,
For your pasteboards read "B, 1 and 2."

A surprise for your wife—you're contented with life,
For she'll now be contented with you.

On the aisle, second row! How is that for a show?

You chuckle—but ah, shed a tear!
For the seats which you boast are stuck back of a post,
Side aisle, and two rows from the rear!

—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Practical Economics

An angry man entered the water office and fiercely announced to the clerk: "Sir, you can send up and take your old gas meter out of my house." "This is not the gas office." "It isn't?" "No, sir; this is the water office." "Oh, it is! Well, then send a man up to my house at once and turn the water off! I'm not going to walk a mile and a half for nothing."

"What did 'Rastus git married for?" "Lawd only knows chile. He keeps right on workin'."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Marts and Money

Wall Street values have registered additional depreciation. In the group of approved dividend-paying certificates, it amounts to \$3 or \$4 a share. Judging by present signs, the downward movement should continue a while longer. There yet is a great deal of inflation in the prices of numerous stocks, especially in the automobile, metal, oil, steel, and munition departments. The professional wrecking crews know that full well, and are busily striving, therefore, to dislodge the multifarious marginal holdings acquired at the marvelous figures of a few months ago. They are engaged in commendable work, however distressing it may become to the thousands of chumps who rushed in where the wise ones feared to tread. Much paper wealth already has gone glimmering; it never existed really, except in the excited minds of the gambling crowd. So it cannot be said that dire affliction is threatening the American nation.

Brokers are anxiously calling for supplementary marginal funds these days. They do not intend to be caught napping; they recall how badly they were hit in 1914. As a result of the precautionary measures adopted by them, the market is full of stop-loss orders, and the rude "bears" are resolved to reach them in short order. For the time being and for some weeks to come, they will enjoy the active or passive support of the hierarchies of finance, who have come to the conclusion that an excessive amount of loanable funds is tied up in speculative issues, and that adequate deflation is absolutely necessary in the face of the heavy liquidation for London and Paris account. They have taken the correct measure of the existing state of affairs. It would scarcely do to permit of a multiplicity of distended long commitments on the Stock Exchange when American bonds, notes, and shares are returned to New York at the rate of \$20,000,000 or \$30,000,000 a week. Sound business principles require that the better kinds of securities be given the preference under prevailing conditions, particularly so when the repurchasing can be effected at declining values.

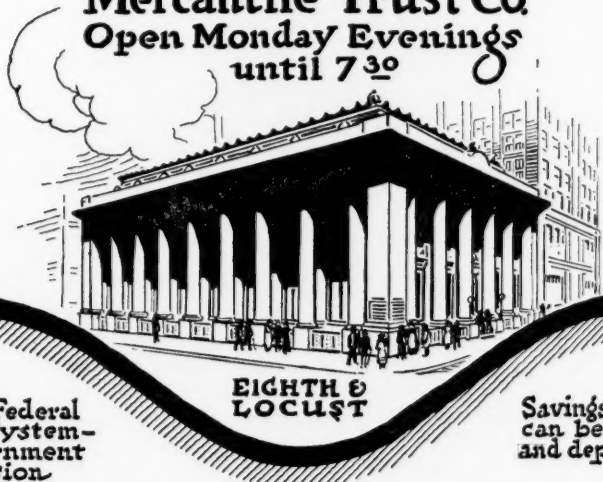
The United States Steel Corporation's quarterly statement proved remarkably favorable; it was, in truth, absolutely the finest ever given out for any three-month period. The total of net results was \$51,200,000. The Finance Committee therefore thought fit to renew common dividend payments at the rate of 5 per cent per annum, after a barren interval of twelve months. Wall Street displayed a lively interest in the run of news from 71 Broadway; but it failed to enthuse. There was a brisk recovery in the quotation for the common stock, after a fall to 83½. It soon came to an end, however. The current price is 82. The resumption of payments had been "discounted" weeks ago, when the stock was in urgent inquiry at 89½, the highest notch in six years. Traders of long memories did not lose sight of the fact that between April, 1910, and July 1, 1914, purchases could be made at prices ranging from 49½ to 82½, despite the distribution of \$5 per annum.

Thrift Days

at the
Mercantile Trust Co.
Eighth and Locust—
the first five days of
February
are **Thrift Days**

Open Your Mercantile
Savings Account on or
before Feb. 5th it will
draw interest from Feb. 1st

Mercantile Trust Co.
Open Monday Evenings
until 7:30



Member Federal
Reserve System—
U.S. Government
Supervision

Savings Accounts
can be opened
and deposits made
by mail

The disposition to enter into contracts to sell for long and short account was accentuated by intimations of unfavorable changes in the iron and steel industry. They harped upon a lessening in the number of orders for equipment and rails, likewise upon a reactionary tendency in quoted prices. In the absence of more definite news, it must be assumed that the slight set-back mainly represents the inevitable result of the prolonged and astonishing course of betterment. To what extent it is caused by the contraction in munition orders, is a matter of mere conjecture. No authoritative estimates are at hand. If the retrogressive movement in the industry should become truly important, the Stock Exchange crowd will not be slow in making the most of it. A 25 per cent decline in the volume of steel business would not necessarily be of sinister significance; it would be about normal.

In depressionistic quarters, stress was put, also, upon reports from Washington hinting at hitches or dangerous tension in diplomatic negotiations with the British and German governments. Apprehensions were expressed likewise in regard to the state of affairs in Mexico.

Furthermore, close heed was given to some disquieting utterances on the part of President Wilson. While these were rather Delphic, for obvious reasons, they tended to remind people that the political outlook could not be regarded as altogether lovely. More than ever is it a mad world, my masters! Such is the conclusion that must be drawn from the discourses of the nation's Chief Magistrate, and from the news from Europe and the Orient. The missionary endeavors of the President in behalf of his preparedness programme created a fresh quest for munition and kindred certificates, but the results were not really notable in any leading instance. The "boom" is punctured; for this relief, much thanks. While it was in full swing, it made fine copy for the newspapers, and brought big returns to the cliques and brokerage institutions. *Requiescat in pace.*

The relapse in the prices of first-class railroad shares was attended by a deal of timorous talk respecting a probable railroad strike in the next two or three months, but sober-minded persons were not inclined to take it at all seriously. According to their views, the difficulties will be submitted to the Federal au-

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thorities at the proper time, and the final decision is not likely to be of as dismal a character for the railroad companies as officials would have us believe at the present date. It was Addison Cammack, one of the famous "bear" potentates of Wall Street in years ago, who never could be induced to sell stocks on strike reports. Even in these fateful times, it behooves us to cling to our faith in the common sense of mankind and the melioristic purposes of the Master of the Universe.

Railroad results continue encouraging; very decidedly so in several important cases. For the month of December, the Atchison has reported a net gain of \$1,251,000; the Chicago, M. & St. Paul, one of \$1,359,000; the Northern Pacific, one of \$1,656,000; the Southern Pacific, one of \$1,270,000, and the Union Pacific, one of \$1,180,000.

While a few well-known railroad officials are leaning to the view that the improvement in earnings will be less striking from now on, none of them appears to be inclined to venture positively dispiriting predictions. The prevailing idea among them is that a sharp turn for the worse need not be feared in the calendar year 1916. A good deal will depend upon this year's results in the agricultural territories of the West and South. The effects of the blockading operations of the Allies should also prove an important factor, by and by. They promise to grow disagreeably restrictive if Washington's protests go unheeded. Note should be taken also, in this connection, of the determination of the British and all other belligerent governments to limit in severe manner the purchasing and consumption of luxuries and other commodities not wholly indispensable in the ordinary life of a nation.

In the international exchange market, quotations show no material changes. Demand sterling is valued at about the same price as a week ago—\$4.7625. Parity is \$4.8665. The rates for French and Italian bills denote slight improvement. Drafts on Berlin are worth a little less. The latest quotation for British 2½ per cent consols is 59; that for the last British war loan (4½ per cent) is 97. The Anglo-French 5s, floated in the United States are selling at 95; this price implies a depreciation of a half point for the week. Sales were made, two or three months ago, at 98¼ and 98½. French 3 per cent rentes are quoted at 61 francs,—a new bottom price; they were worth 80 on August 1, 1914. German 3 per cent imperial bonds are priced at 70 in the Berlin market, according to a dispatch received a few days ago. The August 1, 1914, price was 77.

From the quotations given it would follow, apparently, (1) that holders of the securities in the countries named remain uncertain as to the outcome of the struggle; (2) that they feel uneasy over the enormous financial requirements; (3) that they sense the peril of repudiation, and (4), that they feel perturbed over acute depreciation in currencies. Thus far, the disastrous effects of the war are mostly noticeable in Italy and Russia; the least in Great Britain.

Finance in St. Louis.

No changes of importance can be noted in the local investment situation

except in a few directions. There continues to be a good demand for securities of real merit, especially for municipal, railroad, telephone and farm mortgage bonds. The steadily growing popularity of issues of the last-named variety is an interesting phenomenon, not only in the St. Louis market, but also in other cities of the Middle West and South. To a considerable extent, it is the natural outcome of the increasing stability of the farming industry, the improved methods of cultivation, and the persistent and intelligent efforts of numerous prominent institutions to make investors acquainted with the essential safety of carefully arranged farm mortgage loans.

In the course of the educational campaign, strong emphasis is laid upon the many millions of dollars powerful insurance companies have placed in agricultural property in recent years. The New York Life Insurance Co., for example, is credited with total investments of over \$7,000,000.

Considerable business still is transacted in the certificates of banks and trust companies. In the past week, one hundred and thirty-five shares of Boatmen's Bank were transferred at 150—an unchanged price. It is evident that the market position of these certificates is firmly maintained, owing to consistent buying at or around 150. Five St. Louis Union Trust were disposed of at 380. This figure denotes substantial enhancement in comparison with the bid quotation of two weeks ago.

Forty shares of Bank of Commerce were marketed at 99.50 and 99.75. The price fluctuations in this case still intimate accumulative operations for the account of prominent parties. Ten State National were transferred at 189.50.

United Railways 4s attracted quite a bit of attention for a few days. Nearly \$30,000 were disposed of at 63.75 and 64; mostly at the latter price. It is noteworthy that the heavy transactions caused no material change in the quotation. Thirty shares of the preferred were taken at 19. Two thousand St. Louis & Suburban first 5s were taken at 100, a price not much below the best levels ruling seven or eight years ago.

Industrial issues were strikingly to the fore lately. Sixteen thousand dollars of Independent Breweries 6s changed hands at 47.50 to 48; the latter figure shows an advance of a half point. The cheapness of the quoted value appeals strongly to the minds of speculators. Nearly two hundred shares of Wagner Electric Manufacturing stock were taken over at 189 to 199, indicating an improvement of almost \$20 for the week. Twenty Laclede Gas preferred were sold at 95; one hundred and ten International Shoe preferred at 108.50 and 109; one hundred and thirty Union Sand & Material at 69.50 to 70.25, ex dividend; five Central Coal & Coke common at 73, and ten Chicago Railway Equipment at 87.12½ and 87.25.

Latest Quotations.

	Bid.	Asked.
Nat. Bank of Commerce	99½	99¾
State National Bank	190	—
Miss. Valley Trust	295	300
St. Louis Union Trust	380	390

The Woman's Account

The National Bank of Commerce in St. Louis, values the woman's account highly

A reason for the particular favor with which this bank looks upon such accounts, is because of the innate loyalty of women. As a rule, a woman regards her bank with the utmost confidence and friendship, and she is frequently instrumental in bringing to her bank, business even more important than her own. She speaks well of the bank to her friends, and neighbors, and this repays many fold the courtesy and attention extended to her.

The National Bank of Commerce maintains a writing and rest-room with free telephone service for women customers.

If a woman customer who is the Treasurer of any organization, will make all payments by check, and deposit all funds received, in this bank, we shall be glad to show her how we can help "keep the books," and aid her in making her annual report.

Personal accounts, domestic or household accounts, accounts for funds awaiting investment, accounts of Society Treasurers, subscription organizations, and other accounts for special purposes, are welcomed.

The National Bank of Commerce

IN ST. LOUIS

United Railways com.....	5	7
do pfd	19	—
do 4s	63¼	63¾
St. L. & Sub. Gen. 5s.....	74	—
St. L. & Mer. River 6s.....	100½	—
Alton, Gran. & St. L. 5s..	81½	82½
Laclede Gas pfd.....	95	—
Kin. L.-D. Tel. stock.....	120	—
K. C. Home Tr. 5s (\$500) ..	—	91½
do 5s (\$100).....	91½	91¾
New. L.-D. Tr. of Ind. 5s ..	82	—
St. L. Cotton Compress....	32	36
Union Sand & Material....	70	—
Ely & Walker 1st pfd.....	102½	—
Cent. Coal & Coke com....	73	—
Granite-Bimetallic	63¾	67½
Eisenstadt pfd.	103	—
Hamilton-Brown	90	—
Ind. Brew. 6s.....	48	—
National Candy com.....	6¾	7½
do 1st pfd.....	98	—
do 2nd pfd.....	72	80
Wagner Electric	202½	—



Answers to Inquiries.

Market, Muskogee, Okla.—Midvale Steel is now quoted at about 67; they bought it in the 90s around the time of the fabulous organization. If you "took on" fifty shares at 86, probably the smart thing for you to do is to sit tight and await developments. Don't add to your holdings. If you have additional funds for investment, purchase a dividend-paying railroad stock of marked speculative promises during the wind-up of the pounding process. Some time or other you will have a chance, no doubt, to unload your Midvale without a loss.

Crank, St. Louis.—Granite-Bimetallic? Shucks,—nothing to it. Just a gamble. Let the stuff alone. They ran it up from 25 to 98 cents some time ago; now worth 57½.

L. O. T., Chicago, Ill.—American Hide & Leather preferred pays no dividends.

CARPENTERS

When the chisel edge of your earning ability is worn to the socket you will be glad if you have a savings account. **St. Louis Union Bank** Over \$9,000,000.00 in Savings Fourth and Locust



Bonds Sold on PARTIAL PAYMENT

Scale of Payments

\$1,000 Bond; initial payment, \$100
500 Bond; initial payment, 50
100 Bond; initial payment, 10
Monthly Payments to Suit.
Correspondence Invited.

LORENZO E. ANDERSON & CO.

Bond Department.

310 N. Eighth St., Saint Louis

It's a speculation, pure and simple. So don't invest your savings in it, no matter how strong the "bull dope" may seem to you in your moments of intellectual exaltation. People who dabble in hide and leather certificates are usually subjected to a painful course of skinning. In times like these, parties who cannot afford to lose should stick to first-class interest-bearing securities.

Wall Street Bug, Quincy, Ill.—There's some wonderful talk about American Zinc Lead. But the goods are being distributed by insiders, just the same. Be patient. In due time, you will be

able to buy it at 55. For an investment, Norfolk & Western preferred, paying a 4 per cent dividend, would meet your purposes very well. Now quoted at 88. You should have an opportunity to purchase at 82 before long.

L. S.—Steel Common sells ex dividend 1¼ per cent, March 1st, payable March 31st.

♦♦♦

Elimination

The ways of Providence may be mysterious, but the ways of the Kentucky moonshiners are profoundly devious, planned with interesting cunning, and especially so when it is considered desirable to rid the neighborhood of a citizen. Two mountaineers who faced a problem of this nature met to talk it over. "That feller Morgan Buttles is terrible unpopular," said one. "We'll have to git rid o' him somehow," replied the other. "Yep. But we don't want to do nothin' in a way that ain't legitimate an' customary. You know he has p'litical ambitions." "I've heerd so. But he ain't got no pull." "Yes, he has. An' you an' your relations want to stand back o' me when I put the case up to our congressman. We'll git Buttles appointed a revenue inspector, an' then let nature take its course."

♦♦♦

Soft Things

When the ball-players are down South in the spring the old boys do not take any chances with their pitching arms, letting the youngsters prove their energies instead. One day at Little Rock, where the Detroit team was playing an exhibition game, old Red Donahue, who in his day was the sharpest-tongued man in baseball, was tossing them over and letting the Little Rock batters hit at will, to the great delight of the spectators. "Oh, Red, you're easy, easy," shrieked one very wild fan who was getting on Red's nerves. "I'm not half as easy as you are," retorted Red, "you paid fifty cents to see me do it."

♦♦♦

Uncertain Mind

They were about the roughest, rawest lot of recruits the sergeant ever had to tackle. He worked hard at them for three hours, and at last thought they were getting into some sort of shape, so he decided to test them. "Right turn!" he barked. Then, before they had ceased to move, came another order: "Left turn!" One yokel slowly left the ranks and made off towards the barracks room. "Here, you!" yelled the sergeant, angrily, "where are you off to?" "Ah've had enough," replied the recruit in disgusted tone. "Tha doesna know tha own mind for two minutes runnin'!"

♦♦♦

His Part

The magistrate was examining a witness to whom he remarked:

"You admit you overheard the quarrel between the defendant and his wife?"

"Yis, sor, I do," stoutly maintained the witness.

"Tell the court, if you can, what he seemed to be doing."

"He seemed to be doin' the listenin'."

For the Furniture's Sake

(Scene: A quietly furnished upper room in a city residence. Enter a woman in a riding habit. Enter a man in motoring clothes. They take off their gloves and sit down simultaneously.)

THE MAN: I see by the papers that our divorce has been granted.

THE WOMAN: Yes. I hope you feel better.

THE MAN: I certainly do. Don't you?

THE WOMAN: Certainly. But in the meantime, we ought not to live together any more. You know how people talk.

HE: I suppose we must do something about it.

SHE: Had you thought of marrying again?

HE: I suppose I have thought about it as much as you have. But it wouldn't do. It would be the same thing over again.

SHE: I think I get your meaning, but perhaps you would better explain more clearly.

HE: When I married you, you were a nice, little, unsophisticated girl, and so different! You appealed to me. But in these few years we have grown so much alike. Everything we have done has tended to make us alike. We read the same books, magazines and editorials—when we read at all. We play the same game of golf. After numberless experiments we have even agreed upon the same motor car. A slight distinction in clothes is about all that differentiates us; otherwise, there is no essential difference between us. We have so much in common and we both think so much alike, there is no longer any novelty in living together. We are not to blame. It's the age we live in, the machinery we are subjected to which reduces us all to a common level. Now that you have become sophisticated and cultivated (as the world goes), you would probably marry, for the novelty, some simple chap like yourself, but in a short time he would go through the same process, and life with him would become as dull as it is with me.

SHE: And the same thing would happen to you.

HE (dryly): Naturally.

SHE: It will be an awful job to separate our furniture.

HE: Dreadful! The thing has been on my mind ever since we instituted the proceedings.

SHE: And on mine. I hate the thought of moving. The house never looked better. (A pause.) I had almost rather try to be different so that I would become tolerable to you, if that would prevent our breaking up. You know that sideboard of mine is built in.

HE: And I would be willing to try to be different and have you get along with me rather than to get a new color scheme for my study, and you know my chiffonier is also built in.

SHE: We might try it and see as little as possible of each other for the sake of the furniture!

HE: And don't forget the suspense

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of getting new quarters. I'll get the divorce annulled.

SHE (anxiously): Suppose you can't?

HE: Well, if the worst comes to the worst, we can get married over again, can't we?

SHE (thoughtfully): It would make a scandal! But rather than move that sideboard, I'll do it!

HE: Agreed. Would you mind handing me that telephone book.—*New York Life.*

♦♦♦

A Saving Remnant

There was a brigadier-general in the Civil War who was so earnest in his religious efforts that in a short time he had converted every man in the brigade except one hardened teamster. Going to his commander one day this man said, solemnly: "General, I am lonesome. Every man in the camp has been converted except me. I suppose it's the right thing, but I don't see how I can manage it." "Why, my good fellow," said the general, "I see no difficulty in the way of it if you will just surrender your own will and ask for guidance." "That's jest it, general," said the teamster. "If I am converted, who in blazes is goin' to drive them mules?"

♦♦♦

Portraiture

An ancient and picturesque wanderer got off his beaten path and decided to try indoor work, owing to severe competition in his line—begging. So he entered the studio of a successful artist and presented his plea. The artist handed him a quarter, and then, observing possibilities in the old chap for a sketch, said: "I will give you a dollar if you will let me paint you." The other reflected. "Sure," said he, "it's an easy way to make a dollar, but how'll I get it off?"

♦♦♦

The Measure of the Man

William Collier and a couple of actors were dining in a hotel cafe when Collier directed his companions' attention to a very dapper-looking man with a suspiciously red nose that had just passed. "A very prominent member of the Larchmont Yacht Club," announced Collier, with a grave air. "Is that so?" asked one of the players, who, as Collier knows, always evinces a strong interest in the doings of society. "What is his

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official capacity?" "About three gallons, I think," said Collier.

♦♦♦

Good Sign

The woman of the house reached the conclusion that the attachment of the policeman for her cook must be investigated, lest it prove disastrous to domestic discipline. "Do you think he means business, Bridget?" she asked. "I think he does, mum," said Bridget. "He's begun to complain about my cookin', mum."

♦♦♦

"The De Vorcees would be ideally married if it were not for one thing." "What's that?" "The fact that they are married to each other."—*Judge.*

Fuel Question Settled

A couple of millions of years ago a family of pterodactyls did a thriving business hunting dinosaurs on the confines of a great forest stretching along what is now the valley of the Mississippi and in about the latitude of St. Louis. The steaming earth, entering upon one phase of its evolution, forced the growth of a vegetation so rank that it was impracticable for the frightful beasts that went on four legs—or two legs and a tail—and it was easy for the pterodactyl—who appears to have been a sort of prehistoric and animated air-ship—to rule the roost. But there came a time when a greater force than the flying reptile drove him out of his haunt, for down from the pole there moved a glacial mass that pushed before it the surface of the land and which presently overwhelmed with earth and rock the jungle, smashing flat and packing under immeasurable pressure the dense masses of gigantic foliage. Then in the course of a hundred thousand years or more—perhaps much more, the ice cap receded again to the north, scratching a furrow that presently became the bed of the mighty Mississippi. Followed dead ages in which the earth was preparing for the coming of man, and that buried forest was being converted into coal, and in the fullness of time came man and he evolved requirements which sent him to the storehouse of nature for the where-with to supply his needs. A city sprang up here on the confines of what had been a primeval forest; the city developed needs that could not be supplied by modern forests and man went about scratching the surface for the principal factor in the building up of an industrial center. At Staunton, Ill., he found indications of that buried forest, already carbonized, and he burrowed into the earth and found coal.

And Staunton coal was, and is, the answer to the fuel question in St. Louis. Its proximity to the city solved the transportation problem—a most important one—of getting a fuel supply to a great city. The excellent quality of the coal in the Staunton field and its accessibility for mining made a com-

bination forming an invaluable asset, and men of means and enterprise went into the business of taking out of the earth the coal that had been in the making for ages.

What nature had taken millions of years to accomplish in the making of the Staunton coal is now realized upon daily and has been an immense factor in the industrial growth of this city. Other things had to do with the growth of manufactures here, but, after all, that growth would not have been possible if it had not been for the work that was done through the ages in the laboratory of nature. For St. Louis is better served than almost any other big city in the world in the matter of fuel. There are other cities near other coal fields that are not nearly so well served with a fuel supply as St. Louis—and the credit for this fact must be given, in large measure, to the people who operate the great One and Two mines at Staunton—the Mount Olive & Staunton Coal Company.

A good many years ago that company went into the field and went to the business of mining in a practical and economical way. It devised methods for getting at the deposits and bringing the splendid product to the surface at a minimum cost and it provided efficient transportation facilities which permit it to deliver the coal in this city with dependable regularity, relieving the householder and manufacturer of a burden that is the bane of most city dwellers.

And for this condition of the fuel market we are not in the habit of crediting the proper source. We just take it for granted that we can buy good coal and cheap coal and that is about all the average man thinks about. The big buyer, the manufacturer, goes deeper into the matter; he knows that he can afford to pay so many dollars for so many heat units in his coal and he knows from experience that coal mined by Mount Olive & Staunton Coal Co. is the dependable fuel in this particular, and he appreciates what the company has done to bring about this satisfactory state of affairs in the fuel market. He knows that the coal is good to start with, that it is scientifically mined, carefully cleaned and properly handled. The ordinary buyer should know these things, and it would be the part of discretion for every person in ordering coal to specify coal mined by Mount Olive & Staunton Coal Co., and to buy of the dealers who handle it.

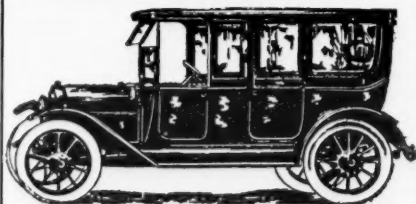
The Mount Olive & Staunton Coal Company has a capacity of five thousand tons of coal a day and for seventeen years it has been a great factor in supplying this town with its fuel. Its product is handled locally by more than twenty big dealers—including all the bigger companies—and all of these companies guarantee the quality of the Staunton coal.

♦♦♦

Casey (annoyed at surveillance)—Say! is watchin' me all yez have to do? Foreman (curtly)—It is, Casey (throwing down pick)—Begorra, then, it's idle ye'll be to-morrow.—*Boston Transcript.*

♦♦♦

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